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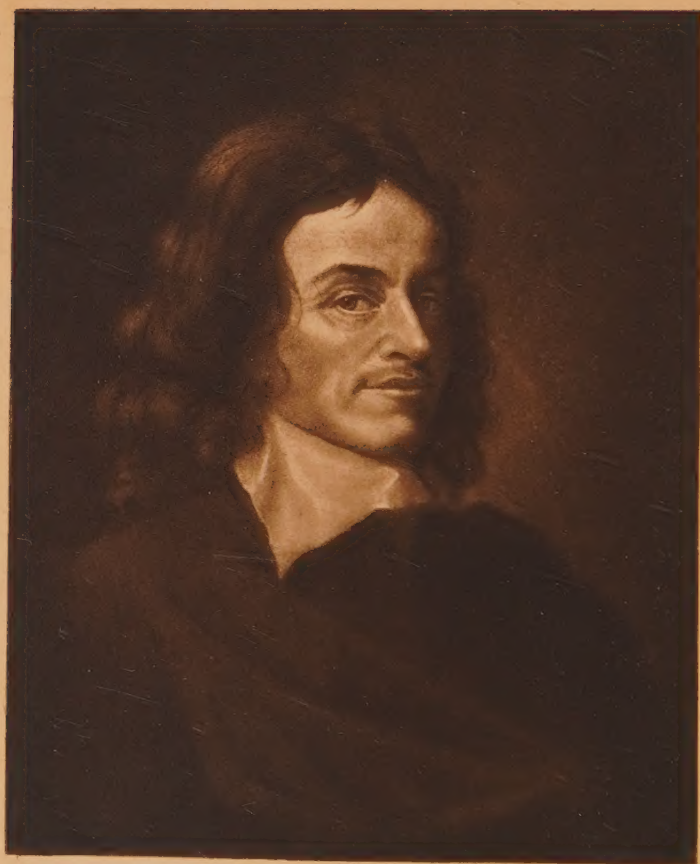


B. F. Huske -











The World's Best Poetry

Volume Four

# The Higher Life

Religion and Poetry

By

Washington Gladden

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## RELIGION AND POETRY.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE time is not long past when the copulative in that title might have suggested to some minds an antithesis,—as acid and alkali, or heat and cold. That religion could have affiliation with anything so worldly as poetry would have seemed to some pious people a questionable proposition. There were the Psalms, in the Old Testament, to be sure; and the minister had been heard to allude to them as poetry: might not that indicate some heretical taint in him, caught, perchance, from the “German neologists” whose influence we were beginning to dread? It did not seem quite orthodox to describe the Psalms as poems; and when, a little later, some one ventured to speak of the Book of Job as a *dramatic* poem, there were many who were simply horrified. Indeed, it was difficult for many good people to consider the Biblical writings as in any sense literature; they belonged in a category by themselves, and the application to them of the terms by which we describe similar writings in other books appeared to many good men and women a kind of profanation. This was not, of course, the attitude of educated men and women, but some-

thing akin to it affected large numbers of excellent people.

We are well past that period, and the relations of religion and poetry may now be discussed with no fear of misunderstandings. These relations are close and vital. Poetry is indebted to religion for its largest and loftiest inspirations, and religion is indebted to poetry for its subtlest and most luminous interpretations.

Religion is related to poetry as life is related to art. Religion is life, the life of God in the soul of man—the response of man's spirit to the attractions of the divine Spirit. Poetry is an interpretation of life. Religious poetry endeavors to express, in beautiful forms, the facts of the religious life. There is poetry that is not religious; poetry which deals only with that which is purely sensuous, poetry which does not hint at spiritual facts, or divine relations; and there is religion which has but little to do with poetry: but the highest religious thoughts and feelings are greatly served by putting them into poetic forms; and the greatest poetry is always that which sets forth the facts of the religious life. "Without love to man and love to God," says Dr. Strong, "the greatest poetry is impossible. Mere human love to God is not enough to stir the deepest chords either in the poet or in his readers. It is the connection of human love with the divine love that gives it permanence and security."\*

If, then, religion is the supreme experience of the human spirit, and that experience finds its

\* "The Great Poets and their Theology."

most perfect literary expression in poetry, the present volume ought to contain a precious collection of the best literature. And any one who wished to give to a friend a volume which would convey to him the essential elements of religion would probably be safe to choose this volume rather than any prose treatise upon theology ever printed. He who reads this book through will get a clearer and truer idea of what the religious life is than any philosophical discussion could give him. For this poetry is an attempt to express life, not to explain it. It offers pictures or reports rather than analyses of religious experience. It gives utterance to the real life of religion in the individual soul, and is not a generalization of religious thoughts and feelings.

The sources from which this collection has been drawn are abundant and varied. The psalmody and hymnology of the church furnish a vast preserve, the exploration of which would be a large undertaking. It must be confessed that the pious people who had in their hands some of the ancient hymn-books were justified in feeling that religion and poetry were not closely related, for many of the hymns they were wont to sing were guiltless of any poetic character. It was too often evident that the hymn-writer had been more intent on giving metrical form to proper theological concepts than on giving utterance to his own religious life. But the feeling has been growing that in hymns, at any rate, life is more than dogma; and we have now some collections of hymns that come pretty near being books of



poetry. The improvement in this department of literature within the past twenty-five years has been marked. There is still, indeed, in many hymnals, and especially in hymnals for Sunday schools and social meetings, much doggerel; but large recent contributions of hymns which are true poetry, many of the best of them from American sources, have made it possible to furnish our congregations with admirable manuals of praise.

The indebtedness of religion to poetry which is thus expressed in the hymnology of the church is very large. Probably many of us are indebted for definite and permanent religious conceptions and impressions quite as much to felicitous phrases of hymns as to any words of sermon or catechism. Our most positive convictions of religious truth are apt to come to us in some line or stanza that tells the whole story. The rhythm and the rhyme have helped to fix it and hold it in the memory.

This is true not only of the hymns of the church but of many poems that are not suitable for singing. English poetry is especially rich in meditative and devotional elements, and of no period has this been more true than of the nineteenth century. Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, the Brownings, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, on the other side of the sea, with Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Lanier, Sill and Gilder on this side—these and many others—have made most precious additions to our store of religious poetry. The century has been one of great perturbations in religious thought;

the advent of the evolutionary philosophy threatened all the theological foundations, and there was need of a thorough revision of the dogmas which were based on a mechanical theology, and of a reinterpretation of the life of the Spirit. In all this the poets have given us the strongest help. The great poet cannot be oblivious of these deepest themes. He need not be a dogmatician, indeed he cannot be, for his business is insight, not ratiocination; but the problems which theology is trying to solve must always be before his mind, and he must have something to say about them, if he hopes to command the attention of thoughtful men. Yet while we need not depreciate the service that has been rendered by preachers and professional theologians who have sought to put the facts of the religious life into the forms of the new philosophy, we must own our deeper obligation to the poets, by whose vision the spiritual realities have been most clearly discerned.

It was Wordsworth, perhaps, who gave us the first great contribution to the new religious thought by bringing home to us the fact that God is in his world, revealing himself now as clearly as in any of the past ages. The truth of the Divine immanence, which is the foundation of all the more positive religious thinking of to-day, and which is destined, when once its import has been fully grasped, to revolutionize our religious life, is made familiar to our thought in Wordsworth's poetry. To him it was simply an experience; in quite another sense than that in which

it was true of Spinoza, it might have been said of him that he was a "God-intoxicated man"; and although his clear English sense permitted no pantheistic merging of the human in the divine, but kept the individual consciousness clear for choice and duty, the realization of the presence of God made nature in his thought supernatural, and life sublime. To him, as Dr. Strong has said, it was plain that "imagination in man enables him to enter into the thought of God—the creative element in us is the medium through which we perceive the meaning of the Creator in his creation. The world without answers to the world within, because God is the soul of both."

"Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss  
That flesh can know is theirs,—the consciousness  
Of whom they are, habitually infused  
Through every image and through every thought,  
And all affections by communion raised  
From earth to heaven, from human to divine."

The mystical faith by which man is united to God can have no clearer confession. And in the great poem of "Tintern Abbey" this truth received an expression which has become classical;—it must be counted one of the greatest words of that continuing revelation by which the truths of religion are given permanent form:

"For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes



The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things."

We can hardly imagine that the religious experience of mankind will ever suffer these words to drop into forgetfulness; and it would seem that every passing generation must deepen their significance.

The same great testimony to the divine Presence in our lives is borne by many other witnesses in memorable words. Lowell's voice is clear :

"No man can think, nor in himself perceive,  
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,  
Or on the hillside, always unforwarned,  
A grace of being finer than himself,  
That beckons and is gone,—a larger life  
Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse  
Of spacious circles, luminous with mind,  
To which the ethereal substance of his own  
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,  
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge."

If to this central truth of religion,—the reality of the communion of the human spirit with the divine—the poets have borne such impressive

testimony, not less positively have they asserted many other of the great things of the spirit. Sometimes they have helped us to believe, by identifying themselves with us in our struggles with the doubts that loosen our hold on the great realities. No man of the last century has done more for Christian belief than Alfred Tennyson, albeit he has been a confessed doubter. But what he said of Arthur Hallam is quite as true of himself:

“He fought his doubts, and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them ; thus he came at length,

To find a stronger faith his own,  
And Power was with him in the night,  
Which makes the darkness and the light,  
And dwells not in the light alone.”

Those words of his, so often quoted, are often sadly misused :

“There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

When men make these words an excuse for an attitude of habitual negation and denial, assuming that it is better to doubt everything than to believe anything, they grossly pervert the poet's meaning. It is the *faith* that lives in honest doubt that his heart applauds. He is thinking of the fact that it is real faith in God which leads men to doubt the dogmas which misrepresent God. But conscious as he is of the shadow that lies

upon our field of vision, he is always insisting that it is in the light and not in the shadow that we must walk. Therefore, although demonstration is impossible, faith is rational. So do those great words of "The Ancient Sage" admonish us:

"Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one.  
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,  
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,  
Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee,  
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
For nothing worthy proving can be proven  
Nor yet disproven. Wherefore be thou wise,  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!  
She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'  
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst,  
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,  
She spies the summer through the winter bud,  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
She finds the fountain where they wailed 'Mirage!'"

This illustrates Tennyson's mental attitude. If all who plume themselves upon their doubts would put themselves into this posture of mind, they would find themselves in possession of a very substantial faith.

Tennyson has touched with light more than one problem of the soul. The little stanza beginning,

" Flower in the crannied wall "

has shown us how the mysteries of being are shared by the commonest lives; the short lyric "Wages" condenses into a few lines the strongest proof of the life to come; and "Crossing the Bar" has borne many a spirit in peace out to the boundless sea.

Robert Browning's robust faith helps us in a different way. His daring and triumphant optimism makes us ashamed of doubt. In "Abt Vogler," in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," in "Pompilia," in "Christmas Eve," we are caught up and carried onward by an unflinching and overcoming faith. Perhaps the most convincing arguments for religious reality in Browning's poems are those of "An Epistle" and of "Cleon," where the cry of the human soul for the assurance which the Christian faith supplies is given such a penetrating voice. And there is no reasoning about the Incarnation, in any theological book that I have ever read, which seems to me so cogent as that great passage in "Saul," where David cries:

"Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,  
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,  
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!  
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!"

But, after all, Browning's great hymns of faith are those in which he faces the future, like "Prospice," and the prologue of "La Saisiaz," and the epilogue of "Asolando,"—triumphant



songs, in which one of the healthiest-minded of human beings showed himself:

“One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would  
 triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to  
 wake!”

It would be a grateful task to make extended record of the service rendered to religion by the great choir of singers whose names appear upon the pages of this book. To Elizabeth Barrett Browning our debt is large, though her note is oftenest plaintive and the faith which she illustrates is that by which suffering is turned to strength. Our own New England psalmist, also, has been to great multitudes a revealer and a comforter; few in any age have seen the central truths of Christianity more clearly, or felt them more deeply, or uttered them more convincingly. In such poems as “My Soul and I,” “My Psalm,” “Our Master,” “The Eternal Goodness,” “The Brewing of Soma,” and “Andrew Ryckman’s Prayer,” Whittier has made the whole religious world his debtor.

How many more there are—of those whom the world reckons as the greater bards, and of those whom it assigns to lower places—to whom we have found ourselves indebted for the clearing of our vision or the quickening of our pulses, in our studies or our meditations upon the deepest questions of life! How many there are, whose faces

we never saw, but who by some luminous word, some strain vibrant with tenderness, some flash of insight, have endeared themselves to us forever! They are the friends of our spirits, ministers to us of the holiest things. They have clothed for us the highest truth in forms of beauty; they have made it winsome and real and dear and memorable. Is there anything better than this, that one man can do for another?

*Washington Gladden*

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POEMS OF THE HIGHER LIFE









# POEMS OF THE HIGHER LIFE.

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## I.

### THE DIVINE ELEMENT.

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#### SONG.

FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

THE year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

---

### A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Long pored Saint Austin o'er the sacred page,  
And doubt and darkness overspread his mind;  
On God's mysterious being thought the Sage,  
The Triple Person in one Godhead joined.  
The more he thought, the harder did he find  
To solve the various doubts which fast arose;  
And as a ship, caught by imperious wind,

Tosses where chance its shattered body throws,  
So tossed his troubled soul, and nowhere found  
    repose.

Heated and feverish, then he closed his tome,  
And went to wander by the ocean-side,  
Where the cool breeze at evening loved to come,  
    Murmuring responsive to the murmuring tide;  
And as Augustine o'er its margent wide  
Strayed, deeply pondering the puzzling theme,  
A little child before him he espied:  
In earnest labor did the urchin seem,  
Working with heart intent close by the sounding  
    stream.

He looked, and saw the child a hole had scooped,  
Shallow and narrow in the shining sand,  
O'er which at work the laboring infant stooped,  
Still pouring water in with busy hand.  
The saint addressed the child in accents bland:  
"Fair boy," quoth he, "I pray what toil is thine?  
Let me its end and purpose understand."

The boy replied: "An easy task is mine,  
To sweep into this hole all the wide ocean's brine."

"O foolish boy!" the saint exclaimed, "to hope  
That the broad ocean in that hole should lie!"  
"O foolish saint!" exclaimed the boy; "thy scope  
Is still more hopeless than the toil I ply,  
Who think'st to comprehend God's nature high  
In the small compass of thine human wit!

Sooner, Augustine, sooner far, shall I  
Confine the ocean in this tiny pit,  
Than finite minds conceive God's nature infinite!"

ANONYMOUS.



## MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU PRINCE.

ALL the world over, I wonder, in lands that I  
never have trod,  
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and  
steps of a God?

Westward across the ocean, and Northward across  
the snow,

Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the  
wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and  
swarm

Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the  
gusts of a gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the  
rocks are seen,

Yet we all say, " Whence is the message, and what  
may the wonders mean? "

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer  
swings,

As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of  
ancient kings;

And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless  
cry

Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth  
to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a  
pass of the hills;

Above is the sky, and around us the sound of the  
shot that kills;

Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by a  
hand unknown,  
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips  
to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock  
frowns hollow and grim,  
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught  
in the twilight dim;  
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the  
mountain crest,—  
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge  
there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the  
faithful guide?  
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is  
the mountain side,  
Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever the  
wasted breath  
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is  
only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of  
an ancient name,  
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and  
women who died in flame;  
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they  
are spirits who guard our race:  
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble  
face.

And the myriad idols round me, and the legion of  
muttering priests,

The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable  
feasts!

What have they rung from the Silence? Hath  
even a whisper come  
Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas! for  
the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come  
from the uttermost sea?

"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is  
your message to me?"

It is naught but the wide-world story how the  
earth and the heavens began,

How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity  
once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where  
the rulers of India dwell,

Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle  
the earth with a spell,

They have fathomed the depths we float on, or  
measured the unknown main—"

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that  
the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where  
shall the dreamer awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what  
if the mirror break?

Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent  
that is gathered and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and  
at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heaven above, whence the  
hail and the levin are hurled,  
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush  
of the rolling world?  
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me  
to silence and sleep  
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and  
voices of women who weep.

SIR ALFRED COMYNS LYALL.

---

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;  
Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
The vanished gods to me appear;  
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
When me they fly, I am the wings;  
I am the doubter and the doubt,  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
But thou, meek lover of the good!  
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## HYMN TO ZEUS.

Most glorious of all the Undying, many-named,  
girt round with awe!

Jove, author of Nature, applying to all things the  
rudder of law—

Hail! Hail! for it justly rejoices the races whose  
life is a span

To lift unto thee their voices—the Author and  
Framer of man.

For we are thy sons; thou didst give us the sym-  
bols of speech at our birth,

Alone of the things that live, and mortal move  
upon earth.

Wherefore thou shalt find me extolling and ever  
singing thy praise;

Since thee the great Universe, rolling on its path  
round the world, obeys:—

Obeys thee, wherever thou guidest, and gladly is  
bound in thy bands,

So great is the power thou confidest, with strong,  
invincible hands,

To thy mighty ministering servant, the bolt of the  
thunder, that flies,

Two-edged like a sword, and fervent, that is liv-  
ing and never dies.

All nature, in fear and dismay, doth quake in the  
path of its stroke,

What time thou prearest the way for the one  
Word thy lips have spoke,

Which blends with lights smaller and greater,  
which pervadeth and thrilleth all things,

So great is thy power and thy nature—in the Uni-  
verse Highest of Kings!  
On earth, of all deeds that are done, O God! there  
is none without thee;  
In the holy ether not one, nor one on the face of  
the sea,  
Save the deeds that evil men, driven by their own  
blind folly, have planned;  
But things that have grown uneven are made even  
again by thy hand;  
And things unseemly grow seemly, the unfriendly  
are friendly to thee;  
For no good and evil supremely thou hast blended  
in one by decree.  
For all thy decree is one ever—a Word that en-  
dureth for aye,  
Which mortals, rebellious, endeavor to flee from  
and shun to obey—  
Ill-fated, that, worn with proneness for the lord-  
ship of goodly things,  
Neither hear nor behold, in its oneness, the law  
that divinity brings;  
Which men with reason obeying, might attain  
unto glorious life,  
No longer aimlessly straying in the paths of ig-  
noble strife.  
There are men with a zeal unblest, that are  
wearied with following of fame,  
And men with a baser quest, that are turned to  
lucre and shame.  
There are men too that pamper and pleasure the  
flesh with delicate stings:



All these desire beyond measure to be other than  
all these things.

Great Jove, all-giver, dark-clouded, great Lord of  
the thunderbolt's breath!

Deliver the men that are shrouded in ignorance  
dismal as death.

O Father! dispel from their souls the darkness,  
and grant them the light

Of reason, thy stay, when the whole wide world  
thou rulest with might,

That we, being honored, may honor thy name with  
the music of hymns,

Extolling the deeds of the Donor, unceasing, as  
rightly be seems

Mankind; for no worthier trust is awarded to  
God or to man

Than forever to glory with justice in the law that  
endures and is One.

From the Greek of CLEANTHES.

---

*TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.*

WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to  
be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father ever-  
lasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and  
all the powers therein.

To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do  
cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy  
Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.  
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise  
thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth  
acknowledge thee;

The Father of an infinite Majesty;

Thine adorable, true, and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou  
didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,  
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to  
all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory  
of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom  
thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in  
glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee;

And we worship thy Name ever, world without  
end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without  
sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is  
in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be  
confounded.\*

Version of the

AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH PRAYER-BOOK.

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### THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;

\*This venerable hymn, familiar as a part of the morning service in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches, and on special occasions in many Protestant Churches, has usually been ascribed to the great St. Ambrose of Milan and St. Augustine, his greater convert, in the year 387 A.D. But, like other productions of mighty influence, it was doubtless a growth. Portions of it appear in the writings of St. Cyprian (252 A.D.) and others in still earlier liturgical forms of the Greek Church in Alexandria during the century previous. It is thus probably the earliest, as it is certainly the most universal and famous, of Christian hymns. It was translated from the Latin into English in 1549 for the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, which assumed its present form in 1660—during that wonderful era which gave us the English Bible, with its unapproached majesty and music of language.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And, binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives,  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart  
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride  
And impious discontent  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quickened by thy breath;  
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,  
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all Being raise,  
All Nature incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

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ODE.

FROM "THE SPECTATOR."

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim;  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
 What though no real voice or sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 Forever singing, as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

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LORD! WHEN THOSE GLORIOUS LIGHTS  
 I SEE.

HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

LORD! when those glorious lights I see  
 With which thou hast adorned the skies,  
 Observing how they movèd be, .  
 And how their splendor fills mine eyes,  
 Methinks it is too large a grace,  
 But that thy love ordained it so,—  
 That creatures in so high a place  
 Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there  
 In size and lustre doth exceed  
 The noblest of thy creatures here,  
 And of our friendship hath no need.



Yet these upon mankind attend  
For secret aid or public light;  
And from the world's extremest end  
Repair unto us every night.

O, had that stamp been undefaced  
Which first on us thy hand had set,  
How highly should we have been graced,  
Since we are so much honored yet!  
Good God, for what but for the sake  
Of thy beloved and only Son,  
Who did on him our nature take,  
Were these exceeding favors done?

As we by him have honored been,  
Let us to him due honors give;  
Let us uprightness hide our sin,  
And let us worth from him receive.  
Yea, so let us by grace improve  
What thou by nature doth bestow,  
That to thy dwelling-place above  
We may be raised from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

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### HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines  
How silently! Around thee and above,

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—  
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in  
prayer  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my  
thought,—  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,—  
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing, there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!  
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald,—wake, O, wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered and the same forever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your  
joy,  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded (and the silence came),  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living  
flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?  
God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome  
voice!  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like  
sounds!  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing  
peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure  
serene,  
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—  
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou  
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me,—Rise, O, ever rise!  
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the Earth!  
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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### THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,  
And drove his furrows deep!  
The huddling plains upstarted,  
The hills were all a-leap!

But that is the mountains' secret,  
Age-hidden in their breast;

“God’s peace is everlasting,”  
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,  
The home elect of his grace;  
He spreadeth his mornings on them,  
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music  
Of footfalls echoing long,  
And carry majestic greeting  
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,  
Wild storm-news from the main;  
They sing it down to the valleys  
In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,  
And over the uplands flock;  
He weaveth the zones together  
In robes for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers;  
Nests for his flying cloud;  
Homesteads for new-born races,  
Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities  
Come up to their shrines and pray;  
God freshens again within them,  
As he passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret,  
The beauty deeper than all,  
This faith—that life's hard moments,  
When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing his mountains;  
And the mountains yet shall be  
The source of his grace and freshness  
And his peace everlasting to me.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

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### SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,  
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,  
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—  
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;  
“Thanks be to Heaven,” in happy mood I said,  
“What sweeter aid my matins could befall  
Than this fair glory from the east hath made?  
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,  
To bid us feel and see! We are not free  
To say we see not, for the glory comes  
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;  
His lustre pierces through the midnight glooms.  
And at prime hours, behold! he follows me  
With golden shadows to my secret rooms.”

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.



## GOD AND MAN.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN," EPISTLES I AND IV.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:  
His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:  
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;  
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
To Be, contents his natural desire;  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
Weigh thy opinion against Providence:  
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,—  
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;  
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust,—  
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;  
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.  
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,

Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;  
And who but wishes to invert the laws  
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:  
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;  
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.  
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,  
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;  
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,  
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.  
All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good:  
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear—Whatever is, is right.

Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confess,  
Some are and must be greater than the rest,  
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence  
That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.  
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,  
If all are equal in their happiness:  
But mutual wants this happiness increase;  
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.  
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:  
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
In who obtain defence or who defend,  
In him who is or him who finds a friend;  
Heaven breathes through every member of the  
whole  
One common blessing, as one common soul.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.  
 But trust Him for His grace:  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain:  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

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GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide—  
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!  
 Thou only God—there is no God beside!  
 Being above all beings! Mighty One,  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore!  
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—  
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—  
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count  
 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee  
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount  
 Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,  
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so  
high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, har-  
mony,  
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;  
Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious!  
Great!  
Light-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze;  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from  
Thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—  
A glorious company of golden streams—

Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—

Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,

All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?

And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered  
host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,

Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought

Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,

As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly

Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,

Even to the throne of Thy divinity;

I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!

Direct my understanding then to Thee;

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;

Though but an atom midst immensity,

Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—

On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realms where angels have their  
birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—

In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step is spirit—Deity!

I can command the lightning and am dust!  
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!

Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously  
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy;  
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
Created me! Thou source of life and good!

Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!

Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring

Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest!

Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee.  
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to Thy deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,

Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!  
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

From the Russian of GAVRIÏL ROMÁNOVITCH DERSHÁVIN.

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.



## GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

A TRODDEN daisy, from the sward,  
With tearful eye I took,  
And on its ruined glories I,  
With moving heart, did look;  
For, crushed and broken though it was,  
That little flower was fair;  
And oh! I loved the dying bud,  
For God was there!

I stood upon the sea-beat shore,  
The waves came rushing on;  
The tempest raged in giant wrath,  
The light of day was gone.  
The sailor from his drowning bark  
Sent up his dying prayer;  
I looked amid the ruthless storm,  
And God was there!

I sought a lonely, woody dell,  
Where all things soft and sweet,  
Birds, flowers, and trees, and running streams,  
Mid bright sunshine did meet:  
I stood beneath an old oak's shade,  
And summer round was fair;  
I gazed upon the peaceful scene,  
And God was there!

I saw a home—a happy home—  
Upon a bridal day,  
And youthful hearts were blithesome there,  
And aged hearts were gay:

I sat amid the smiling band  
Where all so blissful were—  
Among the bridal maidens sweet—  
And God was there!

I stood beside an infant's couch,  
When light had left its eye—  
I saw the mother's bitter tears,  
I heard her woful cry—  
I saw her kiss its fair pale face,  
And smooth its yellow hair;  
And oh, I loved the mourner's home,  
For God was there!

I sought a cheerless wilderness—  
A desert, pathless wild—  
Where verdure grew not by the streams,  
Where beauty never smiled;  
Where desolation brooded o'er  
A muirland lone and bare,  
And awe upon my spirit crept,  
For God was there!

I looked upon the lowly flower,  
And on each blade of grass;  
Upon the forests, wide and deep,  
I saw the tempests pass:  
I gazed on all created things  
In earth, in sea, and air;  
Then bent the knee—for God, in love,  
Was everywhere!

ROBERT NICOLL.

## ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.  
I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie  
And gaze upon the trackless sky,  
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,  
The boundless waters as they roll,—  
I feel thy wondrous power to save  
From perils of the stormy wave:  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.  
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee  
The germ of immortality!  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA HART WILLARD.

## GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, proud world, I'm going home :  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam ;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,  
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face ;  
To Grandeur with his wise grimace ;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;  
To supple Office, low and high ;  
To crowded halls, to court and street ;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet ;  
To those who go, and those who come ;  
Good-bye, proud world ! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned ;  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
For what are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

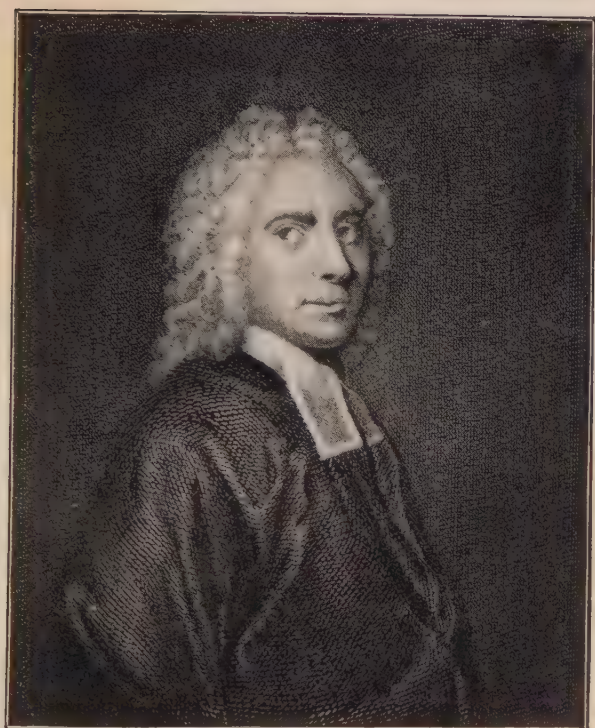
OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home,—

Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.







Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS.

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A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

“EIN’ FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.”

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper he amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And, armed with equal hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God’s own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is he,  
Lord Sabaoth his name,  
From age to age the same,  
And he must win the battle.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Translation of FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

## DELIGHT IN GOD.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth,—  
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;  
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;  
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:  
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with  
- thee?  
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air,—her dainty sweets refresh  
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;  
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their  
flesh,  
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:  
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she  
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea,—she is my fellow-creature,  
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;  
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;  
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:  
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,  
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,  
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;  
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,  
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:  
But what is heaven, great God, compared to  
thee?  
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to  
me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;  
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;  
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;  
Without thy presence, heaven's itself no  
pleasure:  
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,  
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast  
Are subjects far too low for my desire;  
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,  
But dying sparkles of thy living fire;  
The loudest flames that earth can kindle be  
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;  
Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness;  
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;  
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing mad-  
ness;  
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,  
Nor have their being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?  
Not having thee, what have my labors got?  
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?  
And having thee alone, what have I not?  
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be  
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

## THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!  
And all thy ways adore;  
And every day I live, I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessèd rule  
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of his heart  
Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of thee,  
A love to lose my will in his,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to naught  
The plans of wily men;  
When simple hearts outwit the wise,  
Oh, thou art loveliest then.

The headstrong world it presses hard  
Upon the church full oft,  
And then how easily thou turn'st  
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet;  
I cannot fear thee, blessèd will!  
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,  
My heart is ever gay;  
I run no risk, for, come what will,  
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessèd will!  
For all my cares are thine:  
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,  
Thou glorious will, ride on!  
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take  
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;

God's will is sweetest to him, when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,  
And unblessed good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

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### THE VOYAGE.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:  
A thousand fleets from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas;  
And what for me were favoring breeze  
Might dash another, with the shock  
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds to waft me on my way,  
But leave it to a Higher Will  
To stay or speed me; trusting still  
That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with me  
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,  
My heart is glad to have it so;  
And blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

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THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,  
A soundless, shoreless sea!  
Wherein at last our souls must fall,  
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
The other leads us, safe and slow,  
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,  
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win;  
We know thee by a dearer name,  
O Love of God within!



And, filled and quickened by thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

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PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days—  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse—

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe—  
Source whence all our blessings flow!  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear—  
Should the fig-trée's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit—

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store—  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall—

Should Thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise,  
And when every blessing 's flown,  
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home,—  
Lead thou me on !

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on :

I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead thou me on !

I loved the garish days, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on;  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

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### THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds:  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God! He needeth not  
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
    Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
    The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such  
    His pitying love I deem:  
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch  
    The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods  
    A world of pain and loss:  
I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
    And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within  
    Myself, alas! I know:  
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
    Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
    I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
    A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
    I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
    The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
    And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
    I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above,  
I know not of His hate,—I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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### STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," INTRODUCTION.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
We mock thee when we do not fear:  
But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;  
What seemed my worth since I began;  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.



Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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### O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on heavenly wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring:  
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low;  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,—  
Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
O, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When Peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

## EPIPHANY.

"We have seen his star in the east."

—MATTHEW ii. 2.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER.

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring—  
For so the holy sages once did sing—  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.  
That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty  
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal  
clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome Him to this His new abode—  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!  
Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;  
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the angel choir,  
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed  
fire.

## THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—  
Nature, in awe to Him,  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize;  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw—  
Confounded that her maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, nor battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around—







The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hookèd chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood;  
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was  
by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began;  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd  
wave.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence;  
And will not take their flight  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them  
go.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new-enlightened world no more should need;

He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could  
bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy  
keep.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet  
As never was by mortal finger strook—  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;  
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly  
close.

Nature, that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;

    The helmèd cherubim

    And sworded seraphim

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,

Harping in loud and solemn choir,

With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir—

    Such music as ('tis said)

    Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

    While the Creator great

    His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

    Ring out, ye crystal spheres!

    Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so;

    And let your silver chime

    Move in melodious time,

And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

    For if such holy song

    Inwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;

    And speckled vanity

    Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;

And hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering  
day.

Yea, truth and justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steer-  
ing;  
And heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest fate says No—  
This must not yet be so;  
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss,  
So both Himself and us to glorify.  
Yet first to those ye chained in sleep  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through  
the deep,

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out-  
brake;  
The aged earth, aghast  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake—  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread his  
throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is—  
But now begins: for from this happy day  
The old dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb:  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;  
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic  
cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The lares and lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
In urns and altars round  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;  
And moonèd Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn—  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz  
mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
In vain, with cymbal's ring,  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast—  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis—haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings  
loud,  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest—  
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;  
In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded infant's hand—



The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;  
Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide—  
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;  
Our babe, to show His God-head true,  
Can in His swaddling-bands control the damnèd  
crew.

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtained with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail—  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;  
And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-  
loved maze.

But see the virgin blest  
Hath laid her babe to rest—  
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;  
Heaven's youngest teemèd star  
Hath fixed her polished car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

MILTON.

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#### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars;  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!  
The senator of haughty Rome,  
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel rolling home;  
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;  
What recked the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor;  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door  
Across his path. He passed—for naught  
Told what was going on within;  
How keen the stars, his only thought;  
The air how calm and cold and thin,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high  
Drowsed over common joys and cares;  
The earth was still—but knew not why;  
The world was listening, unawares.

How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world forever!  
To that still moment none would heed,  
Man's doom was linked no more to sever—  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness—charmed and holy now!  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given;  
For in that stable lay new-born,  
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

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TRYSTE NOËL.

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore  
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,  
And he hath seen her smile therefore,  
Our Ladye without Sinne.  
Now soone from Sleepe  
A Starre shall leap,  
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;  
*Amen, Amen:*  
But oh, the place co'd I but finde!  
The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent  
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,  
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,  
The Blessed lays her Browe.

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Around her feet  
 Full Warme and Sweete  
 His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;  
*Amen, Amen:*

But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,  
 And Host of more than onelie one.  
 For close she gathereth withal  
 Our Lorde her littel Sonne.

Glad Hinde and King  
 Their Gyfte may bring,  
 But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,  
*Amen, Amen:*

Between her Bosom and His hayre!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A BALLAD.

THERE's a legend that 's told of a gypsy who dwelt  
 In the lands where the pyramids be;  
 And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her  
 belt

With devices right wondrous to see;  
 And she lived in the days when our Lord was a  
 child

On his mother's immaculate breast;  
 When he fled from his foes,—when to Egypt exiled,  
 He went down with Saint Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,  
 And the future was given to her gaze;  
 For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
 On her threshold kept vigil always.

She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen  
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;  
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs,  
I ween,  
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one  
day,  
With a maid on a mule by that road;  
And a child on her bosom reclined, and the way  
Let them straight to the gypsy's abode;  
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome  
path,  
From thence many, many a league,—  
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,  
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and  
prayed  
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;  
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,  
Who had come many, many a mile.  
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,  
And she begged the old man would repose;  
“Here the stranger,” she said, “ever finds free  
access,  
And the wanderer balm for his woes.”

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday  
she led  
To a seat in her grotto so cool;  
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, and  
a shed,  
With a manger, was found for the mule;

With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly  
culled,

All the toil of the day she beguiled;  
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled  
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand  
Took the infant's diminutive palm,  
O, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned  
Of the babe in his slumbers so calm!  
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that  
crossed

O'er the tracings of destiny's line:  
"WHENCE CAME YE?" she cried, in astonishment  
lost,  
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,  
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew,  
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed  
In 'the gore of the children he slew:  
We were told to remain till an angel's command  
Should appoint us the hour to return;  
But till then we inhabit the foreigners' land,  
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,  
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;  
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy  
(Blessèd hope of the Gentiles!) would come."  
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and  
knelt,  
And adored him at once; then a smile

Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
With her host on the bank of the Nile.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY (*Father Prout*).

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## CANA.

DEAR Friend! whose presence in the house,  
Whose gracious word benign,  
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,  
Change water into wine;

Come, visit us! and when dull work  
Grows weary, line on line,  
Revive our souls, and let us see  
Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,  
Earth's hopes grow half divine,  
When Jesus visits us, to make  
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,  
The homely household shrine,  
Grow bright with angel visits, when  
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,  
Not knowing mine nor thine,  
The miracle again is wrought,  
And water turned to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.



## THE LOST SHEEP.

("THE NINETY AND NINE.")

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold;  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold,  
Away on the mountain wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:  
Are they not enough for thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "'T is of mine  
Has wandered away from me;  
And although the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed,  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
through  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert he heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,  
That mark out the mountain track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"  
"They are piercèd to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
 And the angels echoed around the throne,  
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE.

### DE SHEEPFOL'.

DE massa ob de sheepfol',  
 Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
 Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
 So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,  
 "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"  
 Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:  
 "Dey 's some, dey 's black and thin,  
 And some, dey 's po' ol' wedda's;  
 But de res', dey 's all brung in.  
 But de res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',  
 Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
 Goes down in the gloomerin' meadows,  
 Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
 Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."  
 Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
 T'ro' de col' night rain and win',  
 And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',  
 Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.  
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.

SARAH PRATT M'LEAN GREENE.

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

*He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save.*  
 So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side  
 Of that unpitying Phrygian Sect which cried:  
 "Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,

Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave."—  
 So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,  
 The infant Church! of love she felt the tide  
 Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled; and in the Catacombs,  
 With eye suffused but heart inspired true,  
 On those walls subterranean, where she hid

Her head in ignominy, death, and tombs,  
 She her good Shepherd's hasty image drew—  
 And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### TWO SAYINGS.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat  
 Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast;  
 And by them we find rest in our unrest,  
 And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat

God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.  
The first is *Jesus wept*, whereon is prest  
Full many a sobbing face that drops its best  
And sweetest waters on the record sweet:  
And one is, where the Christ denied and scorned  
*Looked upon Peter*. Oh, to render plain,  
By help of having loved a little and mourned,  
That look of sovran love and sovran pain  
Which he who could not sin yet suffered, turned  
On him who could reject but not sustain!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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#### A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

INTO the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him;  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo Him last.  
From under the trees they drew Him last:  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,  
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.

## STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

Stood the afflicted mother weeping,  
Near the cross her station keeping  
Whereon hung her Son and Lord;  
Through whose spirit sympathizing,  
Sorrowing and agonizing,  
Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh! how mournful and distressèd  
Was that favored and most blessèd  
Mother of the only Son,  
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,  
While perceiving, scarce believing,  
Pains of that Illustrious One!

Who the man, who, called a brother,  
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother  
In such deep distress and wild?  
Who could not sad tribute render  
Witnessing that mother tender  
Agonizing with her child?

For his people's sins atoning,  
Him she saw in torments groaning,  
Given to the scourger's rod;  
Saw her darling offspring dying,  
Desolate, forsaken, crying.  
Yield his spirit up to God.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,  
That with thee I tears may shower,  
Tender mother, fount of love!

Make my heart with love unceasing  
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing  
I may be to him above.

Holy mother, this be granted,  
That the slain one's wounds be planted  
Firmly in my heart to bide.  
Of him wounded, all astounded—  
Depths unbounded for me sounded—  
All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union;  
With the Crucified, communion  
In his grief and suffering give;  
Near the cross, with tears unailing,  
I would join thee in thy wailing  
Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!  
Be not bitter, me repelling;  
Make thou me a mourner too;  
Make me bear about Christ's dying,  
Share his passion, shame defying;  
All his wounds in me renew.

Wound for wound be there created;  
With the cross intoxicated  
For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—  
May I, fired with pure affection,  
Virgin, have through thee protection  
In the solemn Judgment Day.

Let me by the cross be warded,  
By the death of Christ be guarded,  
Nourished by divine supplies.

When the body death hath riven,  
Grant that to the soul be given  
Glories bright of Paradise.

From the Latin of FRA JACOPONE.

Translation of ABRAHAM COLES.

### MYRRH-BEARERS.\*

THREE women crept at break of day  
A-grope along the shadowy way  
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.

With blanch of woe each face was white,  
As the gray Orient's waxing light  
Brought back upon their awe-struck sight

The sixth-day scene of anguish. Fast  
The starkly standing cross they passed,  
And, breathless, neared the gate at last.

Each on her throbbing bosom bore  
A burden of such fragrant store  
As never there had lain before.

Spices, the purest, richest, best,  
That e'er the musky East possessed,  
From Ind to Araby-the-Blest,

Had they with sorrow-riven hearts  
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts  
In quest of,—nards whose pungent arts

\* *Myrophores*, a name given to the Marys, in Greek Christian art.



Should the dead sepulchre imbue  
With vital odors through and through :  
'T was all their love had leave to do !

Christ did not need their gifts ; and yet  
Did either Mary once regret  
Her offering ? Did Salome fret

Over the unused aloes ? Nay !  
They counted not as waste, that day,  
What they had brought their Lord. The way

Home seemed the path to heaven. They bare,  
Thenceforth, about the robes they ware  
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So, ministering as erst did these,  
Go women forth by twos and threes  
(Unmindful of their morning ease),

Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,  
Where'er they see the faintest rim,  
Of promise,—all for sake of him

Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold  
It just such joy as those of old,  
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still,—at home, abroad,  
What paths have holy women trod,  
Burdened with votive gifts for God,—

Rare gifts whose chiefest worth was priced  
By this one thought, that all sufficed :  
Their spices had been bruised for Christ !

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

## LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bend the adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—  
O, by all Thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;  
By Thy life of want and tears;  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness;  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,—  
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—  
From Thy seat above the sky  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;  
By Thine agony of prayer;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,

Piercing spear; and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God;  
O, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, reascended Lord,—  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

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### THE CHRIST.

HE might have reared a palace at a word,  
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head.  
Time was when He who nourished crowds with  
bread,  
Would not one meal unto Himself afford.  
He healed another's scratch, His own side bled;  
Side, hands and feet with cruel piercings gored.  
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword  
Stood at His beck, the scorned and buffeted.  
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!  
Yet not more wonderful than those He wrought!  
Oh, self-restraint, surpassing human thought!  
To have all power, yet be as having none!  
Oh, self-denying love, that thought alone  
For needs of others, never for its own!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

## ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as thou dwelt with thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings:  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.  
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

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#### THE DISCIPLES AFTER THE ASCENSION.

He is gone! beyond the skies,  
A cloud receives him from our eyes:  
Gone beyond the highest height  
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight:  
Through the veils of time and space,  
Passed into the holiest place:  
All the toil, the sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone; and we return,  
And our hearts within us burn;  
Olivet no more shall greet  
With welcome shout his coming feet:  
Never shall we track him more  
On Gennesareth's glistening shore:  
Never in that look or voice  
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone ; and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain :  
In the void which he has left,  
On this earth of him bereft,  
We have still his work to do,  
We can still his path pursue :  
Seek him both in friend and foe,  
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone ; we heard him say,  
“ Good that I should go away ” ;  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone his present grace ;  
Though himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we cannot be ;  
No ! his Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone ; towards their goal  
World and church must onward roll ;  
Far behind we leave the past,  
Forward are our glances cast ;  
Still his words before us range  
Through the ages, as they change :  
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,  
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone ; but we once more  
Shall behold him as before,  
In the heaven of heavens the same  
As on earth he went and came.  
In the many mansions there  
Place for us he will prepare :  
In that world, unseen, unknown,  
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone; but not in vain,—  
Wait until he comes again:  
He is risen, he is not here;  
Far above this earthly sphere:  
Evermore in heart and mind,  
Where our peace in him we find,  
To our own eternal Friend,  
Thitherward let us ascend.

ARTIUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

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## WRESTLING JACOB.

## FIRST PART.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee;  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;  
My sin and misery declare;  
Thyself hast called me by my name;  
Look on thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;  
I never will unloose my hold:  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain;  
When I am weak, then am I strong!  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

## SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;  
Be conquered by my instant prayer;  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'T is Love! 't is Love! Thou diedst for me;  
I hear thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
Pure, universal Love thou art;  
To me, to all, thy bowels move;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive;  
Through faith I see thee face to face;  
I see thee face to face and live!  
In vain I have not wept and strove;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.







I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end;  
Thy mercies never shall remove;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;  
Withered my nature's strength; from thee  
My soul its life and succor brings;  
My help is all laid up above;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt till life's short journey end;  
All helplessness, all weakness, I  
On thee alone for strength depend;  
Nor have I power from thee to move;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;  
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;  
Through all eternity to prove  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

THE midday sun, with fiercest glare,  
Broods over the hazy, twinkling air;  
    Along the level sand  
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,  
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise  
    To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew  
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,  
    So steadily he speeds,  
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,  
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,  
    Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,  
As though all Heaven's refulgent hoard  
    In one rich glory shone?  
One moment,—and to earth he falls:  
What voice his inmost heart appalls?—  
    Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form  
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,  
    While Saul, in wakeful trance,  
Sees deep within that dazzling field  
His persecuted Lord revealed  
    With keen yet pitying glance:

And hears the meek upbraiding call  
As gently on his spirit fall,  
    As if the Almighty Son

Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,  
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,  
Nor his great power begun.

“ Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me? ”  
He heard and saw, and sought to free  
His strained eye from the sight:  
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,  
Still gazing, though untaught to bear  
The insufferable light.

“ Who art thou, Lord? ” he falters forth:—  
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth  
At the last awful day  
“ When did we see thee suffering nigh,  
And passed thee with unheeding eye?  
Great God of judgment, say! ”

Ah! little dream our listless eyes  
What glorious presence they despise  
While, in our noon of life,  
To power or fame we rudely press.—  
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,  
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,  
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed,  
High above mortal ken,  
To every ear in every land  
(Though meek ears only understand)  
He speaks as he did then.

“ Ah! wherefore persecute ye me?  
'T is hard, ye so in love should be  
With your own endless woe.

Know, though at God's right hand I live,  
I feel each wound ye reckless give  
To the least saint below.

"I in your care my brethren left,  
Not willing ye should be bereft  
Of waiting on your Lord.  
The meanest offering ye can make—  
A drop of water—for love's sake,  
In heaven, be sure, is stored."

Oh, by those gentle tones and dear,  
When thou hast stayed our wild career,  
Thou only hope of souls,  
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,  
But in the thought of Jesus find  
What every thought controls.

As to thy last Apostle's heart  
Thy lightning glance did then impart  
Zeal's never-dying fire,  
So teach us on thy shrine to lay  
Our hearts, and let them day by day  
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note  
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float  
When the full strain is o'er)  
Left lingering on his inward ear  
Music, that taught, as death drew near,  
Love's lesson more and more:

So, as we walk our earthly round,  
Still may the echo of that sound  
Be in our memory stored:

“Christians, behold your happy state;  
Christ is in these who round you wait;  
Make much of your dear Lord!”

JOHN KEBLE.

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“ROCK OF AGES.”

“Such hymns are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We carry them with us upon our journey. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plough with sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life food of the sweetest joy.”—  
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”  
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung.  
Fell the words unconsciously  
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;  
Sang as little children sing;  
Sang as sing the birds in June;  
Fell the words like light leaves down  
On the current of the tune,—  
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”  
“Let me hide myself in Thee:”  
Felt her soul no need to hide,—  
Sweet the song as song could be,  
And she had no thought beside;  
All the words unheedingly  
Fell from lips untouched by care,  
Dreaming not that they might be  
On some other lips a prayer,—  
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”

’T was a woman sung them now,  
Pleadingly and prayerfully;

Every word her heart did know.  
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird

Beats with weary wing the air,  
Every note with sorrow stirred,

Every syllable a prayer,—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”—

Lips grown agèd sung the hymn  
Trustingly and tenderly,

Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,—

“Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Trembling though the voice and low,

Rose the sweet strain peacefully

Like a river in its flow;

Sung as only they can sing

Who life’s thorny path have passed;

Sung as only they can sing

Who behold the promised rest,—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”

Sung above a coffin lid;

Underneath, all restfully,

All life’s joys and sorrows hid.

Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!

Nevermore from wind or tide,

Nevermore from billow’s roll,

Wilt thou need thyself to hide.



Could the sightless, sunken eyes,  
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,  
Could the mute and stiffened lips  
Move again in pleading prayer,  
Still, aye still, the words would be,—  
“Let me hide myself in Thee.”

EDWARD H. RICE.

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ART THOU WEARY?

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
“Come to Me,” saith One, “and coming,  
Be at rest.”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side.”

Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed.”

If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless?  
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, Yes."

From the Latin of SAINT STEPHEN THE SABAITE.

Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

### WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few,  
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain;  
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.  
 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
 To fly the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the sin I would not do,—  
 Still He who felt temptation's power  
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
 Deceived by those I prized too well,  
 He shall His pitying aid bestow  
 Who felt on earth severer woe,  
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
 By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,  
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

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### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem:  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose,—  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall  
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 Forever and forevermore,  
 The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

### LOVE TO CHRIST.

FROM "AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE."

WITH all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,  
 Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;  
 All other loves, with which the world doth blind  
 Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,  
 Thou must renounce and utterly displace,  
 And give thy selfe unto him full and free,  
 That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possess,  
 And ravisht with devouring great desire

Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest  
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire  
With burning zeale, through every part entire,  
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,  
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,  
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,  
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,  
Compared to that celestiall beauties blaze,  
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze  
With admiration of their passing light,  
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee  
With heavenly thoughts farre above humane skil,  
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see  
The idee of his pure glorie present still  
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill  
With sweet enagement of celestiall love,  
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

EDMUND SPENSER.

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### THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and  
woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,

Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way  
 The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of  
 heaven!

And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,  
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast  
 given.

THEODORE PARKER.

### KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.”

—REVELATIONS iii. 20.

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking?

Who is there?

’T is a pilgrim, strange and kingly,

Never such was seen before;—

Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,

Undo the door.

No,—that door is hard to open;

Hinges rusty, latch is broken;

Bid Him go.

Wherefore with that knocking dreary

Scare the sleep from one so weary?

Say Him, no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?

What! Still there?

O sweet soul, but once behold Him,

With the glory-crownèd hair;

And those eyes, so strange and tender,

Waiting there;







Open! Open! Once behold Him,  
Him so fair.

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,  
Coming ever to perplex me?  
For the key is stiffly rusty,  
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;  
Many-fingered ivy vine  
Seals it fast with twist and twine;  
Weeds of years and years before  
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What? Still knocking?  
He still there?

What's the hour? The night is waning—  
In my heart a drear complaining,  
And a chilly, sad unrest.

Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!  
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!  
Give me rest,  
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;  
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,  
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,  
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,  
Waked to weariness of weeping;—  
Open to thy soul's one Lover,  
And thy night of dreams is over,—  
The true gifts He brings have seeming  
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she? ,  
So, as wondering we behold,

Grows the picture to a sign,  
Pressed upon your soul and mine;  
For in every breast that liveth  
Is that strange, mysterious door;—  
The forsaken and betangled,  
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,  
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—  
There the piercèd hand still knocketh,  
And with ever patient watching,  
With the sad eyes true and tender,  
With the glory-crownèd hair,—  
Still a God is waiting there.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
O, strange delusion, that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach! and, O, to heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"  
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,  
"To-morrow we will open," I replied!  
And when the morrow came, I answered still,  
"To-morrow."

From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA.

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

**I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.**

I GAVE my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed  
That thou mightst ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave my life for thee;  
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee  
In weariness and woe,  
That an eternity  
Of joy thou mightest know.  
I spent long years for thee;  
Hast thou spent one for me?

My Father's home of light,  
My rainbow-circled throne,  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
I left it all for thee;  
Hast thou left aught for me?

I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue may tell  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell.  
I suffered much for thee;  
What canst thou bear for me?

And I have brought to thee,  
Down from my home above,

*THE HIGHER LIFE.*

Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and my love.  
 Great gifts I brought to thee;  
 What hast thou brought to me?

Oh, let thy life be given,  
 Thy years for him be spent,  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent;  
 I gave myself for thee:  
 Give thou thyself to me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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## JESUS SHALL REIGN.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run,—  
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet  
 To pay their homage at His feet,  
 While western empires own their Lord,  
 And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

## MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire  
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:  
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!  
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:  
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.  
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall  
fail;

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.  
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!  
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:  
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,

And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!  
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!  
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!  
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!  
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:  
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:  
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear.  
From every face he wipes off every tear.  
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,  
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
The promised Father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;  
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:  
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant  
mead

And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.  
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:  
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!

See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
kings,  
And heaped with products of Sabea springs!  
For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See Heaven his sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine  
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!  
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

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### DIES IRÆ.

"That day, a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!"—ZEPHANIAH i. 15, 16.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!  
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,  
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,  
When the Judge is seen descending,  
And each secret veil is rending!



To the throne, the trumpet sounding,  
Through the sepulchres resounding,  
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,  
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,  
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,  
Life is shown in all its stages—  
Judgment-record of past ages.

Sits the Judge, the raised arraiging,  
Darkest mysteries explaining,  
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,  
By no advocate attended,  
When the just-are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,  
By thy saving grace defend us,  
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,  
For my sins the death-crown wearing,  
Save me, in that day, despairing!

Worn and weary, thou hast sought me;  
By thy cross and passion bought me—  
Spare the hope thy labors brought me!

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Give, O give me absolution  
Ere the day of dissolution!

As a guilty culprit groaning,  
Flushed my face, my errors owning,  
Hear, O God, Thy suppliant moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,  
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no worth discerning,  
Yet on me Thy favor turning,  
Save me from that endless burning!

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding  
Thou art from the goats dividing,  
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are rejected,  
And by bitter flames subjected,  
Call me forth with Thine elected!

Low in supplication bending,  
Heart as though with ashes blending;  
Care for me when all is ending.

When on that dread day of weeping  
Guilty man in ashes sleeping  
Wakes to his adjudication,  
Save him, God! from condemnation!

From the Latin of THOMAS À CELANO.

Translation of JOHN A. DIX.

\* General Dix's first translation of the "Dies Iræ" was made in 1863; the revised version (given above) appeared in 1875. Bayard Taylor wrote of the earlier one: "I have . . . heretofore sought in vain to find an adequate translation. Those which reproduced the spirit neglected the form, and *vice versa*. There can be no higher praise for yours than to say that it preserves both."

## MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

MY God, I love thee! not because  
I hope for heaven thereby;  
Nor because those who love thee not  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace!  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
Yea, death itself,—and all for one  
That was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love thee well?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as thyself hast lovèd me,  
O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing,—  
Solely because thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

From the Latin of ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Translation of EDWARD CASWALL.

## VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

[Sometimes attributed to the Emperor Charlemagne. The better opinion, however, inclines to Pope Gregory I., called the Great, as the author, and fixes its origin somewhere in the sixth century.]

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every pious mind,  
Come pour thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!  
Thou strength of his almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command!  
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;  
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay thy hand and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us on the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe ;  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY.

Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

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### VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

[Written in the tenth century by Robert II., the gentle son of Hugh Capet. It is often mentioned as second in rank to the *Dies Iræ*.]

COME, Holy Ghost ! thou fire divine !  
From highest heaven on us down shine !  
Comforter, be thy comfort mine !

Come, Father of the poor, to earth ;  
Come, with thy gifts of precious worth ;  
Come Light of all of mortal birth !

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest  
The heart where thou art constant guest,  
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, thou in whom our toil is sweet,  
Our shadow in the noonday heat,  
Before whom mourning fieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! thy sunshine dart  
On all who cry to thee apart,  
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without thy aid is wrought,  
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,  
God counts it vain and merely naught.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,  
O'er parchèd souls thy waters pour;  
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways;  
O melt the frozen with thy rays;  
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,  
And hold the Faith in unity,  
Thy precious gifts of charity;

That we may live in holiness,  
And find in death our happiness,  
And dwell with thee in lasting bliss!

From the Latin of KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE.

Translation of CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

## O FIRE OF GOD, THE COMFORTER.

“O IGNIS SPIRITUS PARACLITI.”

O FIRE of God, the Comforter, O life of all that live,  
Holy art thou to quicken us, and holy, strength to give:  
To heal the broken-hearted ones, their sorest wounds to bind,  
O Spirit of all holiness, O Lover of mankind!  
O sweetest taste within the breast, O grace upon us poured,  
That saintly hearts may give again their perfume to the Lord.  
O purest fountain! we can see, clear mirrored in thy streams,  
That God brings home the wanderers, that God the lost redeems.  
O breastplate strong to guard our life, O bond of unity,  
O dwelling-place of righteousness, save all who trust in thee:  
Defend those who in dungeon dark are prisoned by the foe,  
And, for thy will is aye to save, let thou the captives go.  
O surest way, that through the height and through the lowest deep  
And through the earth dost pass, and all in firmest union keep;

From thee the clouds and ether move, from thee  
the moisture flows,  
From thee the waters draw their rills, and earth  
with verdure glows,  
And thou dost ever teach the wise, and freely on  
them pour  
The inspiration of thy gifts, the gladness of thy  
lore.  
All praise to thee, O joy of life, O hope and  
strength, we raise,  
Who givest us the prize of light, who art thyself  
all praise.

From the Latin of ST. HILDEGARDE.

Translation of R. F. LITTLEDALE.

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### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick at heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited.  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!



When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill  
Has or none or little skill,  
Meet for nothing but to kill,—  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,  
And the Furies, in a shoal,  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
And I nod to what is said  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
 Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,  
 And all terrors me surprise,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,  
 And that opened which was sealed,—  
 When to thee I have appealed,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK.

### HOPE OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FROM "ANIMA MUNDI."

God is good,  
 And flight is destined for the callow wing,  
 And the high appetite implies the food,  
 And souls must reach the level whence they  
     spring;

O Life of very life! set free our powers,  
 Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

Thou, to whom old Philosophy bent low,  
 To the wise few mysteriously revealed;  
 Thou, whom each humble Christian worships  
     now,

In the poor hamlet and the open field:  
 Once an idea, now Comforter and Friend,  
 Hope of the human heart, descend, descend!

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,  
 LORD HOUGHTON.

## II.

### PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

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#### WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed—  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear—  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try—  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—  
The Christian's native air—  
His watchword at the gates of death—  
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one  
 In word, and deed, and mind,  
 While with the Father and the Son  
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone—  
 The Holy Spirit pleads—  
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—  
 The life, the truth, the way!  
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN is the time for prayer?  
 With the first beams that light the morning's sky,  
 Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,  
 Lift up thy thoughts on high;  
 Commend the loved ones to his watchful care:  
 Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,  
 If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,  
 Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,  
 And he will give thee rest:—  
 Thy voice shall reach him through the fields of  
 air:  
 Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,—  
 Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies;—  
 When the loved, at home, again thou 'st met,  
 Then let the prayer arise  
 For those who in thy joys and sorrow share:  
 Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—  
 When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,  
 And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth  
 To pure, bright dreams of heaven,—  
 Kneel to thy God—ask strength, life's ills to bear:  
 Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?  
 In every hour, while life is spared to thee—  
 In crowds or solitudes—in joy or care—  
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.  
 At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,  
 Bend thou the knee in prayer!

G. BENNETT.

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### SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,  
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.  
 His light is on all below and above,—  
 The light of gladness, and life, and love.  
 Oh, then, on the breath of this early air  
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,  
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on;  
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,

To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of  
    night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of creation's early bloom;  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
For her new-born infant beside her lies.  
Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows  
With rapture a mother only knows.  
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;  
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling  
    hand:  
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful pair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
And pray for his soul through Him who died.  
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow;  
Oh, what are earth and its pleasures now!  
And what shall assuage his dark despair,  
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down by the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words the believer saith.  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;  
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;  
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;  
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words  
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!  
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.  
It commends the spirit to God who gave;  
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;  
It points to the glory where he shall reign,  
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!  
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.  
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;  
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,  
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength,  
To join that holy band at length!  
To Him who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,—  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;  
For a life of prayer is the life of Heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

## EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed  
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;  
For they alone are blessed  
With balmy sleep  
Whom angels keep;  
Nor, though by care oppressed,  
Or anxious sorrow,  
Or thought in many a coil perplexed  
For coming morrow,  
Lay not thy head  
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,  
That earthly cares and woes  
To thee may e'er return?  
Arouse, my soul!  
Slumber control,  
And let thy lamp burn brightly;  
So shall thine eyes discern  
Things pure and sightly;  
Taught by the Spirit, learn  
Never on a prayerless bed  
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,  
That calls for holy prayer?  
Has thy day been so bright  
That in its flight  
There is no trace of sorrow?  
And thou art sure to-morrow



Will be like this, and more  
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store  
And still make plans for more?

Thou fool! this very night  
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,  
That ploughs the ocean deep,  
And when storms sweep  
The wintry, lowering sky,  
For whom thou wak'st and weepest?  
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,  
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;  
For He that slumbereth not is there—  
His ear is open to thy cry.  
Oh, then, on prayerless bed  
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,  
Till in communion blest  
With the elect ye rest—  
Those souls of countless numbers;  
And with them raise  
The note of praise,  
Reaching from earth to heaven—  
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;  
So lay thy happy head,  
Prayer-crowned, on blessèd bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

## PRAYER AND REPENTANCE.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 3.

*The King.* O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood.  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,  
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,  
Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder?"

That cannot be: since I am still possessed  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.  
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?  
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
 O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,  
 Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!  
 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of  
     steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
 All may be well. [Retires and kneels.]

King (rising). My words fly up, my thoughts re-  
     main below;  
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

SHAKESPEARE.

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### THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

VERSIFIED FROM THOLUCK'S TRANSLATION OUT OF THE  
 PERSIAN.

IN heavy sleep the Caliph lay,  
 When some one called, "Arise, and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare  
 Rebuke his king for slighting prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,  
 A voice cut sharply through the gloom:

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey  
 Mohammed's law; awake, and pray!"

"Thy *words* are good," the Caliph said,  
"But their intent I somewhat dread.

For matters cannot well be worse  
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse!'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend,  
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan, "Near the throne of God,  
In ages past, we devils trod;

Angels of light, to us 't was given  
To guide each wandering foot to heaven.

Not wholly lost is that first love,  
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,  
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day  
When in his father's arms he lay;

So we, once bathed in love divine,  
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow,—  
That magic touch, I feel it now!

I fell, 't is true—O, ask not why,  
For still to God I turn my eye.

It was a chance by which I fell,  
Another takes me back from hell.

'T was but my envy of mankind,  
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear  
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,  
His guests flock in from every land ;

Some kind act towards the race of men  
May toss us into heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see,—  
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black—queen, pawn,—'t is all the same,  
For on both sides he plays the game.

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,  
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said, " If this be so,  
I know not, but thy guile I know ;

For how can I thy words believe,  
When even God thou didst deceive?

A sea of lies art thou,—our sin  
Only a drop that sea within."

" Not so," said Satan, " I serve God,  
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting I both bless and curse,  
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,  
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted," the Caliph said, "but still  
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell then the truth, for well I know  
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well,  
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

If you had missed your prayer, I knew  
A swift repentance would ensue;

And such repentance would have been  
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,  
Borne out of fault, should not be thine,

Preferring prayers elate with pride  
To sin with penitence allied."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

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### DARKNESS IS THINNING.

DARKNESS is thinning; shadows are retreating;  
Morning and light are coming in their beauty;  
Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,  
God the Almighty!

So that our Master, having mercy on us,  
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,  
Granting us, Father, of thy loving-kindness  
Glory hereafter!

This, of his mercy, ever blessèd Godhead,  
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us,—  
Whom through the wide world celebrate forever  
Blessing and glory!

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

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PRAISE.

To write a verse or two is all the praise  
That I can raise;  
Mend my estate in any wayes,  
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church; help me to wings, and I  
Will thither flie;  
Or, if I mount unto the skie,  
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse: there is no such thing  
As Prince or King:  
His arm is short; yet with a sling  
He may do more.

A herb distilled, and drunk, may dwell next doore,  
On the same floore,  
To a brave soul: Exalt the poore,  
They can do more.

O, raise me then! poore bees, that work all day,  
Sting my delay,  
Who have a work, as well as they,  
And much, much more.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## PRAYER.

O God! though sorrow be my fate,  
And the world's hate

For my heart's faith pursue me,  
My peace they cannot take away;  
From day to day

Thou dost anew imbue me;  
Thou art not far; a little while  
Thou hid'st thy face, with brighter smile  
Thy father-love to show me.

Lord, not my will, but thine, be done;  
If I sink down

When men to terrors leave me,  
Thy father-love still warms my breast;  
All's for the best;

Shall men have power to grieve me,  
When bliss eternal is my goal,  
And thou the keeper of my soul,  
Who never will deceive me?

Thou art my shield, as saith the Word.  
Christ Jesus, Lord,

Thou standest pitying by me,  
And lookest on each grief of mine  
And if 't were thine:

What, then, though foes may try me,  
Though thorns be in my path concealed?  
World, do thy worst! God is my shield!  
And will be ever nigh me.

Translated from MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.



DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone;  
Thou, who dost know thine own;  
Thou, to whom all are known,  
From the cradle to the grave, —  
Save, O, save!

From the world's temptations;  
From tribulations;  
From that fierce anguish  
Wherein we languish;  
From that torpor deep  
Wherein we lie asleep,  
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,—  
Save, O, save!

When the soul, growing clearer,  
Sees God no nearer;  
When the soul, mounting higher,  
To God comes no nigher;  
But the arch-fiend Pride  
Mounts at her side,  
Foiling her high emprise,  
Sealing her eagle eyes,  
And, when she fain would soar.  
Make idols to adore;  
Changing the pure emotion  
Of her high devotion,  
To a skin-deep sense  
Of her own eloquence;

Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—  
Save, O, save!

From the ingrained fashion  
Of this earthly nature  
That mars thy creature;  
From grief, that is but passion;  
From mirth, that is but feigning;  
From tears, that bring no healing;  
From wild and weak complaining;—  
Thine old strength revealing,  
Save, O, save!

From doubt, where all is double,  
Where wise men are not strong;  
Where comfort turns to trouble;  
Where just men suffer wrong;  
Where sorrow treads on joy;  
Where sweet things soonest cloy;  
Where faiths are built on dust;  
Where love is half mistrust,  
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;  
O, set us free!

O, let the false dream fly  
Where our sick souls do lie,  
Tossing continually.  
O, where thy voice doth come,  
Let all doubts be dumb;  
Let all words be mild;  
All strife be reconciled;  
All pains beguiled.  
Light brings no blindness;  
Love no unkindness;  
Knowledge no ruin;

Fear no undoing,  
From the cradle to the grave,—  
Save, O, save!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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### WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing  
For the far off, unattained, and dim,  
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,  
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearnings it would still;  
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,—  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—  
No fond voices answer to thine own;  
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,  
Not by works that gain thee world-renown,  
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,  
When all nature hails the Lord of light,  
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,  
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,  
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
Thou art wealthier,—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,  
Sighing that they are not thine alone,  
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,  
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;  
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;  
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,  
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

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#### PRAYER AND ANSWER.

O God, I cannot walk the Way,—  
The thorns, the thirst, the darkness,  
And bleeding feet and aching heart!  
I hear the songs and revels of the throng,—  
They sneer upon my downcast face with scorn,—  
Yet, O my God, I *must* and shall walk with Thee!

O God, I cannot take the Truth!  
Far easier honeyed hopes and falsehoods fair,  
But Truth,—the Truth is stern and strong and  
awful.

It ploughs my soul with ploughshares flaming  
hot,—

Yet give me Truth. I must have Truth, O God!

O God, I cannot live the Life,—  
The flinging all to death that life may come;  
The surging of Thy Spirit in my heart  
In fire and flame will all consume me,—  
Yet, O my God, I cannot live without Thee!

And as I agonized in dust and shame  
With tears and sighs in all the bitter prayer,  
I felt, as 't were, an arm that stole around me,  
And raised me to my feet.  
And at the touch, hope blossomed in my heart,  
And new-found strength in flood-tides thrilled and  
throbbed

Through soul and limbs. I looked to see. . . .  
O tender lordly Face!  
It was Himself,—*the Way, the Truth, the Life!*

OLIVER HUCKEL.

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### THE AIM.

O THOU who lovest not alone  
The swift success, the instant goal,  
But hast a lenient eye to mark  
The failures of th' inconstant soul,

Consider not my little worth,—  
The mean achievement, scamped in act,  
The high resolve and low result,  
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire.  
Let this be something in Thy sight:—  
I have not, in the slothful dark,  
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul  
To earth's low ease will yield consent.  
I praise Thee for my will to strive.  
I bless Thy goad of discontent.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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### THE LOVE OF GOD SUPREME.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,  
And fain I would; but though my will  
Be fixed, yet wide my passions rove.  
Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'T is mercy all that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee.  
Yet while I seek but find thee not  
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.  
Oh! when shall all my wand'rings end,  
And all my steps to-thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with thee my heart to share?  
 Ah! tear it thence and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there.  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it has found repose in thee.

Oh! hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live.  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling lust survive.  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire or seek but thee.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted care;  
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there.  
 Make me thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Ah! no; ne'er will I backward turn:  
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am.  
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn  
 Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.  
 Oh! help, that I may never move  
 From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call.  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."  
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
 To taste thy love is all my choice.

From the German of GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.  
 Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

## IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

AWAY, haunt thou not me,  
Thou vain Philosophy!  
Little hast thou bestead,  
Save to perplex the head,  
And leave the spirit dead.  
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,  
While from the secret treasure-depths below,  
Fed by the skyey shower,  
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,  
Wisdom at once, and Power,  
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?  
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,  
When the fresh breeze is blowing,  
And the strong current flowing,  
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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## FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,  
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it.  
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness,  
Forgive its weakness!

We see thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;  
We hear thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;  
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness  
Forgives our blindness.



O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest  
To win with love the wandering: thou invitest,  
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,  
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom  
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom  
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
And spring eternal.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

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THE HIGHER GOOD.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,  
Though once they would have joyed my carnal  
sense:  
I shudder not to bear a hated name,  
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.  
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;  
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;  
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;  
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:  
Give me the power to labor for mankind;  
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;  
Eyes let me be to groping men, and blind;  
A conscience to the base; and to the weak  
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish,  
mind;  
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

THEODORE PARKER.

## ASCRPTION.

O THOU who hast beneath Thy hand  
The dark foundations of the land,—  
The motion of whose ordered thought  
An instant universe hath wrought,—

Who hast within Thine equal heed  
The rolling sun, the ripening seed,  
The azure of the speedwell's eye,  
The vast solemnities of sky,—

Who hear'st no less the feeble note  
Of one small bird's awakening throat,  
Than that unnamed, tremendous chord  
Arcturus sounds before his Lord,—

More sweet to Thee than all acclaim  
Of storm and ocean, stars and flame,  
In favor more before Thy face  
Than pageantry of time and space,

The worship and the service be  
Of him Thou madest most like Thee,—  
Who in his nostrils hath Thy breath,  
Whose spirit is the lord of death!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee  
In lowly paths of service free;  
Tell me thy secret; help me bear  
The strain of toil, the fret of care;  
Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with thee  
Before the taunting Pharisee;  
Help me to bear the sting of spite,  
The hate of men who hide thy light,  
The sore distrust of souls sincere  
Who cannot read thy judgments clear,  
The dulness of the multitude  
Who dimly guess that thou art good.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong,  
In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,  
In peace that only thou canst give,  
With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

### III.

#### FAITH: HOPE: LOVE: SERVICE.

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##### FAITH.

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!  
It is not wisdom to be only wise,  
And on the inward vision close the eyes,  
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.  
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,  
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;  
To trust the soul's invincible surmise  
Was all his science and his only art.  
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine  
That lights the pathway but one step ahead  
Across a void of mystery and dread.  
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine  
By which alone the mortal heart is led  
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

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##### THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[The author of this poem, one of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. It was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

LIKE as the armèd Knighte,  
Appointed to the fielde,  
With this world wil I fight,  
And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,  
Which wil not faile at nede;  
My foes therefore amonge,  
Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,  
And forces of Christes waye,  
It wil prevaile at lengthe,  
Though all the devils saye *naye*.

Faithe of the fathers olde  
Obtainèd right witness,  
Which makes me verye bolde  
To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoyce in harte,  
And hope bides me do so;  
For Christ wil take my part,  
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,  
To them wilt thou attende;  
Undo, therefore, the locke,  
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have  
Than heeres upon my head;  
Let them not me deprave,  
But fight thou in my steade.

On thee my care I cast,  
For all their cruell spight;  
I set not by their hast,  
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list  
My anker to let fall  
For every drislinge mist;  
My shippe's substantial.

Not oft I use to wright  
In prose, nor yet in ryme;  
Yet wil I shewe one sight,  
That I sawe in my time:

I sawe a royall throne,  
Where Justice shulde have sitte;  
But in her steade was One  
Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwisness,  
As by the raginge floude;  
Sathan, in his excess,  
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I,—Jesus, Lorde,  
When thou shalt judge us all,  
Harde is it to recorde  
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,  
For that they doe to me,  
Let them not taste the hire  
Of their iniquitie.

ANNE ASKEWE.

DOUBT AND FAITH.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," XCV.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes  
Are tender over drowning flies,  
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;  
And Power was with him in the night,  
Which makes the darkness and the light,  
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
While Israel made their gods of gold,  
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

My times are in thy hand!

I know not what a day

Or e'en an hour may bring to me,

But I am safe while trusting thee,

Though all things fade away.

All weakness, I

On him rely

Who fixed the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in thy hand!

Pale poverty or wealth,

Corroding care or calm repose,

Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,

Sickness or buoyant health,—

Whate'er betide,

If God provide,

'T is for the best; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in thy hand!

Should friendship pure illumine

And strew my path with fairest flowers,

Or should I spend life's dreary hours

In solitude's dark gloom,

Thou art a friend,

Till time shall end

Unchangeably the same; in thee all beauties blend.

My times are in thy hand!

Many or few, my days

I leave with thee,—this only pray,

That by thy grace, I, every day



Devoting to thy praise,  
May ready be  
To welcome thee  
Whene'er thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in thy hand!  
Howe'er those times may end,  
Sudden or slow my soul's release,  
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,  
I'm safe with Christ my friend.  
If he is nigh,  
Howe'er I die,  
'T will be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in thy hand!  
To thee I can intrust  
My slumbering clay, till thy command  
Bids all the dead before thee stand,  
Awaking from the dust.  
Beholding thee,  
What bliss 't will be  
With all thy saints to spend eternity!

To spend eternity  
In heaven's unclouded light!  
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,  
Beholding and resembling thee,—  
O too transporting sight!  
Prospect too fair  
For flesh to bear!  
Haste! haste! my Lord, and soon transport me  
there!

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL.

## A MYSTICAL ECSTASY.

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,  
That wash the pebbles with their wanton  
streams,  
And having ranged and searched a thousand  
nooks,  
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,  
Where in a greater current they conjoin :  
So I my Best-Belovèd's am ; so He is mine.

E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,  
E'en so we joined ; we both became entire ;  
No need for either to renew a suit,  
For I was flax and he was flames of fire :  
Our firm-united souls did more than twine :  
So I my Best-Belovèd's am ; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,  
I would not change my fortunes for them all :  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :  
The world's but theirs ; but my Belovèd's mine.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

## THE MYSTIC'S VISION

AH ! I shall kill myself with dreams !  
These dreams that softly lap me round  
Through trance-like hours in which meseems  
That I am swallowed up and drowned ;

Drowned in your love, which flows o'er me  
As o'er the seaweed flows the sea.

In watches of the middle night,  
    'Twixt vesper and 'twixt matin bell,  
With rigid arms and straining sight,  
    I wait within my narrow cell;  
With muttered prayers, suspended will,  
I wait your advent—statue-still.

Across the convent garden walls  
    The wind blows from the silver seas;  
Black shadow of the cypress falls  
    Between the moon-meshed olive-trees;—  
Sleep-walking from their golden bowers,  
Flit disembodied orange flowers.

And in God's consecrated house,  
    All motionless from head to feet,  
My heart awaits her heavenly Spouse,  
    As white I lie on my white sheet;  
With body lulled and soul awake,  
I watch in anguish for your sake.

And suddenly, across the gloom,  
    The naked moonlight sharply swings;  
A Presence stirs within the room,  
    A breath of flowers and hovering wings:—  
Your presence without form and void,  
Beyond all earthly joys enjoyed.

My heart is hushed, my tongue is mute,  
    My life is centred in your will;  
You play upon me like a lute  
    Which answers to its master's skill,

Till passionately vibrating,  
Each nerve becomes a throbbing string.

Oh, incommunicably sweet!

No longer aching and apart,  
As rain upon the tender wheat,  
You pour upon my thirsty heart;  
As scent is bound up in the rose,  
Your love within my bosom glows.

MATHILDE BLIND.

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THE CALL.

Come, my way, my truth, my life—  
Such a way as gives us breath;  
Such a truth as ends all strife;  
Such a life as killeth death.

Come my light, my feast, my strength—  
Such a light as shows a feast;  
Such a feast as mends in length;  
Such a strength as makes His guest.

Come my joy, my love, my heart!  
Such a joy as none can move;  
Such a love as none can part;  
Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HOPE.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE." \*

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
O, then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day,—  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;  
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,  
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!  
The strife is o'er,—the pangs of Nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;  
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail  
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

\* This poem was written when the author was but  
twenty-one years of age.

When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight  
still  
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of  
Time,  
Thy joyous youth began,—but not to fade.  
When all the sister planets have decayed;  
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world be-  
low;  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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#### A QUERY.

Oh the wonder of our life,  
Pain and pleasure, rest and strife,  
Mystery of mysteries,  
Set twixt two eternities!

Lo, the moments come and go,  
E'en as sparks, and vanish so;  
Flash from darkness into light,  
Quick as thought are quenched in night.

With an import grand and strange  
Are they fraught in ceaseless change  
As they pass away; each one  
Stands eternally alone.

The scene more fair than words can say,  
I gaze upon and go my way;  
I turn, another glance to claim—  
Something is changed, 't is not the same.

The purple flush on yonder fell,  
The tinkle of that cattle-bell,  
Came, and have never come before,  
Go, and are gone forevermore.

Our life is held as with a vice,  
We cannot do the same thing twice;  
Once we may, but not again;  
Only memories remain.

What if memories vanish too,  
And the past be lost to view;  
Is it all for nought that I  
Heard and saw and hurried by?

Where are childhood's merry hours,  
Bright with sunshine, crossed with showers?  
Are they dead, and can they never  
Come again to life forever?

No—'t is false, I surely trow;  
Though awhile they vanish now;  
Every passion, deed, and thought  
Was not born to come to nought!

Will the past then come again,  
Rest and pleasure, strife and pain,  
All the heaven and all the hell?  
Ah, we know not: God can tell.

## HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing  
Sings in the shade, where all things rest;  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
And Lydia's gently opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet:  
Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,  
In deepest adoration bends:  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most, when most his soul ascends:  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On Saint John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened o'er and o'er again



Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"  
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,  
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made an-  
 swer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree."  
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
 "'T is well that such seditious words are sung  
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
 For unto priests and people be it known,  
 There is no power can push me from my throne!"  
 And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;  
 The church was empty, and there was no light,  
 Save where the lamps that glimmered, few and  
 faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.  
 He started from his seat and gazed around,  
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
 He groped towards the door, but it was locked;  
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
 And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
 And imprecations upon men and saints.  
 The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls  
 As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
 And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke.  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaigne,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate:  
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his  
rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed:  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.  
There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light!  
It was an angel; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,  
Who met his looks of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes;  
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou  
here?"

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,  
"I am the king, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their  
swords;

The angel answered with unruffled brow,  
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou  
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and pray-  
ers,

They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"  
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;  
Under the angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,  
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.  
And when the angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
“Art thou the king?” the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the king!”

Almost three years were ended; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the  
    stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The pope received them with great pomp, and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the angel unawares,  
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:  
"I am the king! Look and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;  
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of an angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rustling garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heaven-  
ward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on his throne in his great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
And when they were alone, the angel said,  
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his  
head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!  
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven  
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul is shriven!"  
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street:  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree!"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
But all appavelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
And when his courtiers came they found him  
there

Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## SERVICE.

FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

ALL service ranks the same with God :  
If now, as formerly he trod  
Paradise, his presence fills  
Our earth, each only as God wills  
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event"! Why "small"?  
Costs it more pain than this, ye call  
A "great event," should come to pass,  
Than that? Untwine me from the mass  
Of deeds which make up life, one deed  
Power shall fall short in or exceed!

ROBERT BROWNING.

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THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him  
above:

The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was  
Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! a wail of woe and  
sin

Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens  
all within.



“ My harps take up the mournful strain that from  
a lost world swells,  
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights  
the asphodels.

“ Fly downward to that under world, and on its  
souls of pain,  
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears  
like rain! ”

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their  
golden hair;  
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark  
abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last  
the angels came  
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-  
wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with  
faith too strong for fear,  
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a  
smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame  
whereon it fell,  
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered  
into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to  
the Throne,  
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who  
sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft  
than falling flake,  
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice  
Eternal spake:

“Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier  
joy to heaven;  
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of  
sin forgiven!”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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### THE SELF-EXILED.

THERE came a soul to the gate of Heaven  
Gliding slow—  
A soul that was ransomed and forgiven,  
And white as snow:  
And the angels all were silent.

A mystic light beamed from the face  
Of the radiant maid,  
But there also lay on its tender grace  
A mystic shade:  
And the angels all were silent.

As sunlit clouds by a zephyr borne  
Seem not to stir,  
So to the golden gates of morn  
They carried her:  
And the angels all were silent.

“Now open the gate, and let her in,  
And fling it wide,

For she has been cleansed from stain of sin,"  
Saint Peter cried:  
And the angels all were silent.

"Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,"  
She answered low,  
"I came not hither to enter in,  
Nor may I go:"  
And the angels all were silent.

"I come," she said, "to the pearly door,  
To see the Throne  
Where sits the Lamb on the Sapphire Floor,  
With God alone:"  
And the angels all were silent.

"I come to hear the new song they sing  
To Him that died,  
And note where the healing waters spring  
From His pierced side:"  
And the angels all were silent.

"But I may not enter there," she said,  
"For I must go  
Across the gulf where the guilty dead  
Lie in their woe:"  
And the angels all were silent.

"If I enter heaven I may not pass  
To where they be,  
Though the wail of their bitter pain, alas!  
Tormenteth me:"  
And the angels all were silent.

“ If I enter heaven I may not speak  
    My soul's desire  
For them that are lying distraught and weak  
    In flaming fire : ”  
And the angels all were silent.

“ I had a brother, and also another  
    Whom I loved well ;  
What if, in anguish, they curse each other  
    In the depths of hell ? ”  
And the angels all were silent.

“ How could I touch the golden harps,  
    When all my praise  
Would be so wrought with grief-full warps  
    Of their sad days ? ”  
And the angels all were silent.

“ How love the loved who are sorrowing,  
    And yet be glad ?  
How sing the songs ye are fain to sing,  
    While I am sad ? ”  
And the angels all were silent.

“ Oh, clear as glass in the golden street  
    Of the city fair,  
And the tree of life it maketh sweet  
    The lightsome air : ”  
And the angels all were silent.

“ And the white-robed saints with their crowns  
    and palms  
Are good to see,

And oh, so grand are the sounding psalms!  
But not for me:"  
And the angels all were silent.

"I come where there is no night," she said,  
"To go away,  
And help, if I yet may help, the dead  
That have no day."  
And the angels all were silent.

Saint Peter he turned the keys about,  
And answered grim:  
"Can you love the Lord and abide without,  
Afar from Him?"  
And the angels all were silent.

"Can you love the Lord who died for you,  
And leave the place  
Where His glory is all disclosed to view,  
And tender grace?"  
And the angels all were silent.

"They go not out who come in here;  
It were not meet:  
Nothing they lack, for He is here,  
And bliss complete."  
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be nearer Christ," she said,  
"By pitying less  
The sinful living or woful dead  
In their helplessness?"  
And the angels all were silent.

“Should I be liker Christ were I  
To love no more  
The loved, who in their anguish lie  
Outside the door?”  
And the angels all were silent.

“Did He not hang on the cursèd tree,  
And bear its shame,  
And clasp to His heart, for love of me,  
My guilt and blame?”  
And the angels all were silent.

“Should I be liker, nearer Him,  
Forgetting this,  
Singing all day with the Seraphim,  
In selfish bliss?”  
And the angels all were silent.

The Lord Himself stood by the gate,  
And heard her speak  
Those tender words compassionate,  
Gentle and meek:  
And the angels all were silent.

Now, pity is the touch of God  
In human hearts,  
And from that way He ever trod  
He ne’er departs:  
And the angels all were silent.

And He said, “Now will I go with you,  
Dear child of love,  
I am weary of all this glory, too,  
In heaven above.”  
And the angels all were silent.

"We will go seek and save the lost,  
If they will hear,  
They who are worst but need me most,  
And all are dear:"  
And the angels were not silent.

WALTER C. SMITH.

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SYMPATHY.

FROM "ION," ACT I. SC. 2.

'T is a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourned 't will fall  
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honored death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

## SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel :  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall !  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall :  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine :  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns :



Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice, but none are there;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark;  
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:  
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!  
Three angels bear the holy Grail:  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God!  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields;  
But blessèd forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armor that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, and turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And thro' the mountain-walls  
A rolling organ-harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
"O just and faithful knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near."  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the holy Grail.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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#### FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words; the thoughts control  
That o'er thee swell and throng;—  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.





But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

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SANTA FILOMENA.

[FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.]

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN THE AIR.

The scent of a blossom from Eden!  
The flower was not given to me,  
But it freshened my spirit forever,  
As it passed, on its way to thee!

In my soul is a lingering music:  
The song was not meant for me,  
But I listen, and listen, and wonder  
To whom it can lovelier be.

The sounds and the scents that flow by us—  
They cannot tell whither they go;  
Yet, however it fails of its errand,  
Love makes the world sweeter, I know.

I know that love never is wasted,  
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;  
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing  
Must live, as a joy in the air.

The best of all God's blessings  
Are caught upon the wing,  
And then set free into the heaven  
Of other hearts, to sing.

Our message brought no answer,—  
Our dream did not come true;  
But we have freshened weary lives  
In ways we never knew.

LUCY LARCOM.

## SOGGARTH AROON.

AM I the slave they say,  
Soggarth aroon?\*

Since you did show the way,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Their slave no more to be,  
While they would work with me  
Old Ireland's slavery,  
Soggarth aroon.

Why not her poorest man,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Try and do all he can,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Her commands to fulfil  
Of his own heart and will,  
Side by side with you still,  
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Yet be not slave to you,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Nor, out of fear to you,  
Stand up so near to you—  
Och! out of fear to *you*,  
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,  
Soggarth aroon,  
When the cold blasts did bite,  
Soggarth aroon,

\* Priest, dear.



Came to my cabin-door,  
And on my earthen-floor  
Knelt by me, sick and poor,  
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Made the poor cabin gay,  
Soggarth aroon,  
And did both laugh and sing,  
Making our hearts to ring  
At the poor christening,  
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friends only met,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Never did flout me yet,  
Soggarth aroon;  
And when my heart was dim,  
Gave, while his eye did brim,  
What I should give to him,  
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,  
Soggarth aroon!  
And for this I was true to you,  
Soggarth aroon!  
Our love they 'll never shake,  
When for ould Ireland's sake  
We a true part did take,  
Soggarth aroon!

JOHN BANIM.

## THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

## PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,  
Beginning doubtfully and far away,  
First lets his fingers wander as they list,  
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;  
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument  
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,  
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent  
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

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Not only around our infancy  
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;  
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,  
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;  
Against our fallen and traitor lives  
The great winds utter prophecies;  
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;  
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood  
Waits with its Benedicite;  
And to our age's drowsy blood  
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:  
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes and thrives  
us,

We bargain for the graves we lie in;  
At the devil's booth are all things sold,  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:  
'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
'T is only God may be had for the asking;  
No price is set on the lavish summer;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and  
sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,  
    Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;  
We are happy now because God wills it;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing;  
    The breeze comes whispering in our ear  
    That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by:  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack;  
    We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—  
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
    Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
Everything is happy now,  
    Everything is upward striving;  
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—  
    'T is the natural way of living:  
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?  
    In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;  
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
    The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,  
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.  
What wonder if Sir Launfal now  
Remember the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,  
And bring to me my richest mail,  
For to-morrow I go over land and sea  
In search of the Holy Grail:  
Shall never a bed for me be spread,  
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
Till I begin my vow to keep;  
Here on the rushes will I sleep,  
And perchance there may come a vision true  
Ere day create the world anew."  
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;  
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
In the pool drowled the cattle up to their knees,  
The little birds sang as if it were  
The one day of summer in all the year,  
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:  
The castle alone in the landscape lay  
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;  
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,  
And never its gates might opened be,  
Save to lord or lady of high degree;  
Summer besieged it on every side,  
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;

She could not scale the chilly wall,  
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall  
    Stretched left and right.  
Over the hills and out of sight;  
    Green and broad was every tent,  
    And out of each a murmur went  
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,  
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,  
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,  
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all  
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall  
    In his siege of three hundred summers long,  
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,  
    Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,  
And lightsome as a locust leaf,  
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,  
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
    And morning in the young knight's heart;  
Only the castle moodily  
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,  
    And gloomed by itself apart;  
The season brimmed all other things up  
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome  
    gate,  
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,  
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;  
And a loathing over Sir Launful came;

The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,  
And midway its leap his heart stood still  
Like a frozen waterfall;  
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,  
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:—  
“Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though I turn me empty from his door:  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;  
He gives only the worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty;  
But he who gives but a slender mite,  
And gives to that which is out of sight,—  
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—  
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
The heart outstretches its eager palms;  
For a god goes with it and makes it store  
To the soul that was starving in darkness  
before.”

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain  
peak,  
From the snow five thousand summers old;  
On open wold and hilltop bleak  
It had gathered all the cold,  
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;  
It carried a shiver everywhere  
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;

The little brook heard it, and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him winter-proof;  
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams;  
Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight;  
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;  
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew;  
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;  
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and  
here

He had caught the nodding bulrush tops  
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,  
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,  
And made a star of every one:  
No mortal builder's most rare device  
Could match this winter palace of ice;  
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay  
In his depths serene through the summer day,  
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,  
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;  
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,



And sprouting is every corbel and rafter  
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;  
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide  
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;  
The broad flame pennons droop and flap  
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;  
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;  
And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,  
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks  
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;  
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,  
And rattles and wrings  
The icy strings,

Singing in dreary monotone  
A Christmas carol of its own,  
Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch  
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,  
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,  
Through the window slits of the castle old,  
Build out its piers of ruddy light  
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;  
The river was dumb and could not speak,  
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
From his shining feathers shed off the cold  
sun ;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepitley  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
For another heir in his earldom sate :  
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.  
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,  
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross ;  
But deep in his soul the sigh he wore,  
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,  
For it was just at the Christmas-time ;  
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
In the light and warmth of long ago.  
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,  
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
He can count the camels in the sun,  
As over the red-hot sands they pass  
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,  
And with its own self like an infant played,  
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms :"—  
The happy camels may reach the spring,  
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone  
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said,—“ I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the tree;  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and  
scorns,—

And to thy life were not denied  
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:  
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;  
Behold, through him, I give to thee!”

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes  
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he  
Remembered in what a haughtier guise

He had flung an alms to leprosie,  
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail  
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust:

He parted in twain his single crust,  
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
And gave the leper to eat and drink;

'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,

'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—

Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,

And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty  
soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,  
A light shone round about the place;  
The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
But stood before him glorified,  
Shining and tall and fair and straight

As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful  
Gate,—

Himself the Gate whereby men can  
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the  
pine,

And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the  
brine,

That mingle their softness and quiet in one  
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;  
And the voice that was softer than silence said:—

“Lo, it is I, be not afraid!

In many climes, without avail,

Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:

Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou

Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;

This crust is my body broken for thee,

This water His blood that died on the tree;

The Holy Supper is kept indeed

In whatso we share with another's need.

Not what we give, but what we share,—

For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.”

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon:—

“The Grail in my castle here is found!

Hang my idle armor up on the wall,

Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;

He must be fenced with stronger mail

Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

The castle gate stands open now,

And the wanderer is welcome to the hall

As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;  
No longer scowl the turrets tall.  
The summer's long siege at last is o'er:  
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,  
She entered with him in disguise,  
And mastered the fortress by surprise;  
There is no spot she loves so well on ground;  
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;  
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land  
Has hall and bower at his command;  
And there 's no poor man in the North Countree  
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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### THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth;  
Bright glowed in her features the roses of health;  
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,  
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:  
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,  
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;  
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,  
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de  
Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,  
That called her to live for her suffering race;  
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,  
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."  
She put from her person the trappings of pride,  
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,

Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,—  
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost, \*  
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,  
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,  
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.  
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,  
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame:  
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,  
For she bartereth for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,  
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;  
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and  
gem,  
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;  
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,  
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;  
And the hair that was shining with diamond and  
pearl,  
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead;  
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;  
Her 'sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;  
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crownèd  
head;  
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her  
knees;  
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease:  
The delicate lady lives mortified there,  
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind  
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined:

Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief  
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.  
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,  
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;  
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,  
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,  
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapors of death;  
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the  
sword,

Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.  
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted  
face,

With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;  
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,  
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!  
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain!  
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your  
days,

Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.  
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men;  
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen;  
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed  
With the life and the deeds of that high-born  
maid?

GERALD JOSEPH GRIFFIN.

## WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true,  
For heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my spirit, too;  
For all the ties that bind me,  
For all the tasks assigned me,  
And bright hopes left behind me,  
And good that I can do.

I live to learn their story  
Who've suffered for my sake,  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown history's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
And, wiser from conviction,  
Fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall rule by reason,  
And not alone by gold;



When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true,  
For heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my spirit too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.

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IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,  
If we had but a day;  
We should drink alone at the purest springs  
In our upward way;  
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,  
If the hours were few;  
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher  
power  
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills  
By the clearest light;  
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,  
If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent  
Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good God sent,  
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,  
If the day were but one;

If what we remember and what we forget  
Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,  
To work or to pray,

And to be what the Father would have us be,  
If we had but a day.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

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### ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its  
head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the  
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had  
blessed,—

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

---

LOVE.

If suddenly upon the street  
My gracious Saviour I should meet,  
And he should say, "As I love thee,  
What love hast thou to offer me?"  
Then what could this poor heart of mine  
Dare offer to that heart divine?

His eye would pierce my outward show,  
His thought my inmost thought would know;  
And if I said, "I love thee, Lord,"  
He would not heed my spoken word,  
Because my daily life would tell  
If verily I loved him well.

If on the day or in the place  
Wherein he met me face to face,  
My life could show some kindness done,  
Some purpose formed, some work begun  
For his dear sake, then it were meet  
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

#### IV.

### SABBATH: WORSHIP: CREED.

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#### SUNDAY MORNING BELLS.

FROM the near city comes the clang of bells:  
Their hundred jarring diverse tones combine  
In one faint misty harmony, as fine  
As the soft note yon winter robin swells.  
What if to Thee in thine infinity  
These multiform and many-colored creeds  
Seem but the robe man wraps as masquers' weeds  
Round the one living truth thou givest him—  
Thee?

What if these varied forms that worship prove,  
Being heart-worship, reach thy perfect ear  
But as a monotone, complete and clear,  
Of which the music is, through Christ's name,  
love?

Forever rising in sublime increase  
To "Glory in the highest,—on earth peace"?

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

---

#### SABBATH HYMN ON THE MOUNTAINS.

PRAISE ye the Lord!  
Not in the temple of shapeliest mould,  
Polished with marble and gleaming with gold,  
Piled upon pillars of slenderest grace,  
But here in the blue sky's luminous face,  
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Not where the organ's melodious wave  
Dies 'neath the rafters that narrow the nave,  
But here with the free wind's wandering sweep,  
Here with the billow that booms from the deep,

Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Not where the pale-faced multitude meet  
In the sweltering lane and the dun-visaged street,  
But here where bright ocean, thick sown with  
green isles,  
Feeds the glad eye with a harvest of smiles,

Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Here where the strength of the old granite Ben  
Towers o'er the greenswarded grace of the glen,  
Where the birch flings its fragrance abroad on the  
hill,

And the bee of the heather-bloom wanders at will,

Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Here where the loch, the dark mountain's fair  
daughter,

Down the red scaur flings the white-streaming  
water,

Leaping and tossing and swirling forever,  
Down to the bed of the smooth-rolling river,

Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

Not where the voice of a preacher instructs you,  
Not where the hand of a mortal conducts you,

But where the bright welkin in scripture of  
glory  
Blazons creation's miraculous story,  
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!  
The wind and the welkin, the sun and the river,  
Weaving a tissue of wonders forever;  
The mead and the mountain, the flower and the  
tree,  
What is their pomp, but a vision of thee,  
Wonderful Lord?

Praise ye the Lord!  
Not in the square-hewn, many-tiered pile,  
Not in the long-drawn, dim-shadowed aisle,  
But where the bright world, with age never  
hoary,  
Flashes her brightness and thunders his glory,  
Praise ye the Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

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#### THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!  
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;  
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;  
And echo answers softer from the hill;  
And sweeter sings the linnet from the thorn:  
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!  
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;  
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;

The gales that lately sighed along the grove  
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose  
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,—  
So smiled that day when the first morn arose!

JOHN LEYDEN;

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### THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

FROM "THE SABBATH."

How still the morning of the hallowed day!  
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed  
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.  
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,  
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze;  
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum  
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.  
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas  
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the  
dale;

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook  
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;  
While from yon lowly roof, whose circling smoke  
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals  
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.  
With dovelike wings Peace o'er yon village  
broods;

The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din  
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.  
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on  
man,

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,  
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;  
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,  
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.  
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.  
On other days the man of toil is doomed  
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground  
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's  
cold

And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;  
But on this day, imbosomed in his home,  
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;  
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy  
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,  
A word and a grimace, but reverently,  
With covered face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.  
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe  
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;  
While, wandering slowly up the river-side,  
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks  
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough  
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom  
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,  
With elevated joy, each rural charm,  
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,  
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

JAMES GRAHAME.



THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born;  
Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough  
To feel your harsh control;  
Ye shall not violate, this day,  
The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;  
Let fires of vengeance die;  
And, purged from sin, may I behold  
A God of purity!

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

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VESPER HYMN.

Now, on sea and land descending,  
Brings the night its peace profound:  
Let our vesper hymn be blending  
With the holy calm around.  
Soon as dies the sunset glory,  
Stars of heaven shine out above,  
Telling still the ancient story—  
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving  
To his care who cares for all,  
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;  
At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,  
Lo! eternal stars arise;  
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,  
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

---

VESPER HYMN.

THE day is done; the weary day of thought and  
toil is past,  
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired  
earth at last:  
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends  
oppressed,  
In thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment  
finds, and rest.

Bend, Gracious Spirit, from above, like these  
o'erarching skies,  
And to thy firmament of love lift up these long-  
ing eyes;  
And, folded by thy sheltering hand, in refuge still  
and deep,  
Let blessed thoughts from thee descend, as drop  
the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed the soul once more puts on  
new life and power;  
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first  
waking hour!  
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer  
than morn's first ray,  
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of  
the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,  
When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher  
life be born,

Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that  
deepening gloom,

And rise, O Morning Star, the first that dayspring  
to illume!

I cannot dread the darkness where thou wilt  
watch o'er me,

Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless thy smile I  
see;

Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on thee my soul is  
cast;

At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be thou my  
First and Last!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

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### AMAZING, BEAUTEOUS CHANGE!

AMAZING, beauteous change!

A world created new!

My thoughts with transport range,

The lovely scene to view;

In all I trace,

Saviour divine,

The word is thine,—

Be thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play

Amidst the burning sands;

The river's winding way

Shines through the thirsty lands;

*THE HIGHER LIFE.*

New grass is seen,  
And o'er the meads  
Its carpet spreads  
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,  
Intwined with horrid thorn,  
Gay flowers, forever new,  
The painted fields adorn,—  
The blushing rose  
And lily there,  
In union fair,  
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood  
All bare and disarrayed,  
See the wide-branching wood  
Diffuse its grateful shade;  
Tall cedars nod, .  
And oaks and pines,  
And elms and vines  
Confess thee God.

The tyrants of the plain  
Their savage chase give o'er,—  
No more they rend the slain,  
And thirst for blood no more;  
But infant hands  
Fierce tigers stroke,  
And lions yoke  
In flowery bands.

O, when, Almighty Lord!  
Shall these glad things arise,  
To verify thy word,  
And bless our wandering eyes?

That earth may raise,  
With all its tongues,  
United songs  
Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

---

### THE WORD.

O WORD of God incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky;  
We praise thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from thee, her Master,  
Received the gift divine;  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of, thee, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light, as of old.  
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see thee face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

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### THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,  
Of England green and old,  
That out from fane and ivied tower  
A thousand years have tolled;  
How glorious must their music be  
As breaks the hallowed day,  
And calleth with a seraph's voice  
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,  
Sweet tales of olden time;  
And ring a thousand memories  
At vesper, and at prime!  
At bridal and at burial,  
For cottager and king,  
Those chimes, those glorious Christian chimes,  
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,  
Upon a Christmas morn,  
Outbreaking as the angels did,  
For a Redeemer born!

How merrily they call afar,  
To cot and baron's hall,  
With holly decked and mistletoe,  
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal  
From tower and Gothic pile,  
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill  
The dim cathedral aisle;  
Where windows bathe the holy light  
On priestly heads that falls,  
And stains the florid tracery  
Of banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in spring,  
Those glorious Easter chimes!  
How loyally they hail thee round,  
Old Queen of holy times!  
From hill to hill like sentinels,  
Responsively they cry,  
And sing the rising of the Lord,  
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,  
With all this soul of mine,  
And bless the Lord that I am sprung  
Of good old English line:  
And like a son I sing the lay  
That England's glory tells;  
For she is lovely to the Lord,  
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her historic fame,  
Though far away my birth,

Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,  
The joy of all the earth;  
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,  
And here, where God is king,  
With English chimes, from Christian spires,  
The wilderness shall ring.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

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### THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR.

I HAVE fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam,  
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,  
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest,  
From the pillar of stone to the blue of the blest,  
And the angels descending to dwell with us here.  
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China,"  
and "Mear."

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister said.  
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at  
"York";

Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that  
he read,

While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,  
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork;  
And the vicious old viol went growling along  
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,  
That those breaths can blow open to heaven and  
God!

Ah, "Silver Street" flows by a bright shining  
road,—

Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,—



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But the sweet human psalms of the old-fashioned  
choir,  
To the girl that sang alto—the girl that sang air!

Oh, I need not a wing—bid no genii come  
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,  
To bear me again up the river of Time,  
When the world was in rhythm, and life was its  
rhyme—  
Where the streams of the years flowed so noise-  
less and narrow,  
That across it there floated the song of the spar-  
row—

For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,  
To the old village church, and the old village  
choir,  
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,  
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that they  
sung,  
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun  
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon  
Brown,  
Who followed by scent, till he ran the tune down;  
And dear Sister Green, with more goodness than  
grace,  
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her  
place,  
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,  
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her  
toes!

To the land of the leal they have gone with their  
song,

Where the choir and the chorus together belong,  
Oh be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again—  
Blessèd song, blessèd singers! forever, Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

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### A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them."—*Spectator* of May 14, 1863.

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"  
Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.  
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,  
O, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,  
But why we cannot understand:  
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,  
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,  
The mystery of God and man;  
We women, when afflictions come,  
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,  
He gleams out, sunlike through our sky,  
We look up, and through black clouds riven  
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,  
We have no deep philosophies;  
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,  
For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

---

REBECCA'S HYMN.

FROM "IVANHOE."

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands,  
The cloudy pillar glided slow:  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen,  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And O, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,

Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

THE BOOK OF GOD.

THY thoughts are here, my God,  
Expressed in words divine,  
The utterance of heavenly lips  
In every sacred line.

Across the ages they  
Have reached us from afar,  
Than the bright gold more golden they,  
Purer than purest star.

More durable they stand  
Than the eternal hills;  
Far sweeter and more musical  
Than music of earth's rills.

Fairer in their fair hues  
Than the fresh flowers of earth,  
More fragrant than the fragrant climes  
Where odors have their birth.

Each word of thine a gem  
From the celestial mines,  
A sunbeam from that holy heaven  
Where holy sunlight shines.

Thine, thine, this book, though given  
In man's poor human speech,  
Telling of things unseen, unheard,  
Beyond all human reach.

No strength it craves or needs  
From this world's wisdom vain;  
No filling up from human wells,  
Or sublunary rain.

No light from sons of time,  
Nor brilliance from its gold;  
It sparkles with its own glad light,  
As in the ages old.

A thousand hammers keen,  
With fiery force and strain,  
Brought down on it in rage and hate,  
Have struck this gem in vain.

Against this sea-swept rock  
Ten thousand storms their will  
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;  
It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,  
Without or change or age,  
The word of majesty and light,  
The church's heritage.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## THE MEETING.

THE elder folk shook hands at last,  
Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
To simple ways like ours unused,  
Half solemnized and half amused,  
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest  
His sense of glad relief expressed.  
Outside, the hills lay warm in sun;  
The cattle in the meadow-run  
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird  
The green repose above us stirred.  
“What part or lot have you,” he said,  
“In these dull rites of drowsy-head?  
Is silence worship? Seek it where  
It soothes with dreams the summer air;  
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,  
But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours  
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!  
From time and place and form apart,  
Its holy ground the human heart,  
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!  
Our common Master did not pen  
His followers up from other men;  
His service liberty indeed,  
He built no church, he framed no creed;  
But while the saintly Pharisee  
Made broader his phylactery,  
As from the synagogue was seen  
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene

Through ripening cornfields lead the way  
Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
His sermons were the healthful talk  
That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
Where mingled with his gracious words  
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;  
"Unmeasured and unlimited,  
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
The mystic Church of God has grown.  
Invisible and silent stands  
The temple never made with hands,  
Unheard the voices still and small  
Of its unseen confessional.  
He needs no special place of prayer  
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;  
He brings not back the childish days  
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,  
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid  
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.  
Still less he owns the selfish good  
And sickly growth of solitude,—  
The worthless grace that, out of sight,  
Flowers in the desert anchorite;  
Dissevered from the suffering whole,  
Love hath no power to save a soul.  
Not out of Self, the origin  
And native air and soil of sin,  
The living waters spring and flow,  
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

“ Dream not, O friend, because I seek  
This quiet shelter twice a week,  
I better deem its pine-laid floor  
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;  
But nature is not solitude;  
She crowds us with her thronging wood;  
Her many hands reach out to us,  
Her many tongues are garrulous;  
Perpetual riddles of surprise  
She offers to our ears and eyes;  
She will not leave our senses still,  
But drags them captive at her will;  
And, making earth too great for heaven,  
She hides the Giver in the given.

“ And so I find it well to come  
For deeper rest to this still room,  
For here the habit of the soul  
Feels less the outer world’s control;  
The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
More earnestly our common needs;  
And from the silence multiplied  
By these still forms on either side,  
The world that time and sense have known  
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

“ Yet rarely through the charmed repose  
Unmixed the stream of motive flows,  
A flavor of its many springs,  
The tints of earth and sky it brings;  
In the still waters needs must be  
Some shade of human sympathy;  
And here, in its accustomed place,



I look on memory's dearest face;  
The blind by-sitter guesseth not  
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;  
No eyes save mine alone can see  
The love wherewith it welcomes me!  
And still, with those alone my kin,  
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,  
I bow my head, my heart I bare  
As when that face was living there,  
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)  
The peace of simple trust to gain,  
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay  
The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—  
Such golden words as hers for whom  
Our autumn flowers have just made room;  
Whose hopeful utterance through and through  
The freshness of the morning blew;  
Who loved not less the earth that light  
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
But saw in all fair forms more fair  
The Eternal beauty mirrored there.  
Whose eighty years but added grace  
And saintlier meaning to her face,—  
The look of one who bore away  
Glad tidings from the hills of day,  
While all our hearts went forth to meet  
The coming of her beautiful feet!  
Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread  
Is in the paths where Jesus led;  
Who dreams her childhood's Sabbath dream

By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,  
And, of the hymns of hope and faith,  
Sung by the monks of Nazareth,  
Hears pious echoes, in the call  
To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,  
Repeating where His works were wrought  
The lesson that her Master taught,  
Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,  
The prophecies of Cumæ's cave!

" I ask no organ's soulless breath  
To drone the themes of life and death,  
No altar candle-lit by day,  
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,  
No cool philosophy to teach  
Its bland audacities of speech  
To double-tasked idolaters,  
Themselves their gods and worshippers,  
No pulpit hammered by the fist  
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,  
Who borrows for the hand of love  
The smoking,thunderbolts of Jove.  
I know how well the fathers taught,  
What work the later schoolmen wrought;  
I reverence old-time faith and men,  
But God is near us now as then;  
His force of love is still unspent,  
His hate of sin as imminent;  
And still the measure of our needs  
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;  
The manna gathered yesterday  
Already savors of decay;  
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown

Question us now from star and stone;  
Too little or too much we know,  
And sight is swift and faith is slow;  
The power is lost to self-deceive  
With shallow forms of make-believe.  
We walk at high noon, and the bells  
Call to a thousand oracles,  
But the sound deafens, and the light  
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;  
The letters of the sacred Book  
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;  
Still struggles in the Age's breast  
With deepening agony of quest  
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,  
Or look we for the Christ to be?'

"God should be most where man is least;  
So, where is neither church nor priest,  
And never rag of form or creed  
To clothe the nakedness of need,—  
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—  
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;  
I lay the critic's glass aside,  
I tread upon my lettered pride,  
And, lowest-seated, testify  
To the oneness of humanity;  
Confess the universal want,  
And share whatever Heaven may grant.  
He findeth not who seeks his own,  
The soul is lost that's saved alone.  
Not on one favored forehead fell  
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
But flamed o'er all the thronging host

The baptism of the Holy Ghost;  
Heart answers heart: in one desire  
The blending lines of prayer aspire;  
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'  
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer:—  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about,  
And law and goodness, love and force,  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
Then duty leaves to love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask;  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought  
The innermost of truth is taught,  
The mystery dimly understood,  
That love of God is love of good,  
And, chiefly, its divinest trace  
In Him of Nazareth's holy face;  
That to be saved is only this,—

Salvation from our selfishness,  
From more than elemental fire,  
The soul's unsanctified desire,  
From sin itself, and not the pain  
That warns us of its chafing chain;  
That worship's deeper meaning lies  
In mercy, and not sacrifice,  
Not proud humilities of sense  
And posturing of penitence,  
But love's unforced obedience;  
That Book and Church and Day are given  
For man, not God,—for earth, not heaven,—  
The blessed means to holiest ends,  
Not masters, but benignant friends;  
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,  
The king of some remoter star,  
Listening, at times, with flattered ear,  
To homage wrung from selfish fear,  
But here, amidst the poor and blind,  
The bound and suffering of our kind,  
In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
Life of our life, He lives to-day."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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### THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Nor in the world of light alone,  
Where God has built his blazing throne,  
Nor yet alone in earth below,  
With belted seas that come and go,  
And endless isles of sunlit green,  
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:

Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—  
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves  
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,  
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,  
Fired with a new and livelier blush,  
While all their burden of decay  
The ebbing current steals away,  
And red with Nature's flame they start  
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,  
Forever quivering o'er his task,  
While far and wide a crimson jet  
Leaps forth to fill the woven net  
Which in unnumbered crossing tides  
The flood of burning life divides,  
Then, kindling each decaying part,  
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame  
Behold the outward moving frame,  
Its living marbles jointed strong  
With glistening band and silvery thong,  
And linked to reason's guiding reins  
By myriad rings in trembling chains,  
Each graven with the threaded zone  
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white  
Is braided out of seven-hued light,  
Yet in those lucid globes no ray  
By any chance shall break astray.

Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,  
Arches and spirals circling round,  
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear  
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds  
All thought in its mysterious folds,  
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,  
And flashes forth the sovereign will;  
Think on the stormy world that dwells  
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!  
The lightning gleams of power it sheds  
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine  
To make these mystic temples thine!  
When wasting age and wearying strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,  
When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,  
And mould it into heavenly forms!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

OF HYM THAT TOGYDER WYLL SERVE  
TWO MAYSTERS.

A FOLE he is and voyde of reason  
Whiche with one hounde tendyth to take  
Two harys in one instant and season;  
Rightso is he that wolde undertake  
Hym to two lordes a servaunt to make;  
For whether that he be lefe or lothe,  
The one he shall displease, or els bothe.

A fole also he is withouten doute,  
 And in his porpose sothly blyndyd sore,  
 Which doth entende labour or go aboute  
 To serve god, and also his wretchyd store  
 Of worldly ryches: for as I sayde before,  
 He that togyder will two maysters serve  
 Shall one displease and nat his love deserve.

For he that with one hounde wol take also  
 Two harys togyther in one instant  
 For the moste parte doth the both two forgo,  
 And if he one have: harde it is and skant  
 And that blynd fole mad and ignorant  
 That draweth thre boltis atons\* in one bowe  
 At one marke shall shote to[o] high or to[o]  
 lowe.

He that his mynde settyth god truly to serve  
 And his sayntes: this worlde settinge at nought  
 Shall for rewarde everlastyng joy deserve,  
 But in this worlde he that settyth his thought  
 All men to please, and in favour to be brought,  
 Must lout and lurke, flater, laude, and lye:  
 And cloke in knavys counseyll, though it fals be.

Wherfore I may prove by these examples playne  
 That it is better more godly and plesant  
 To leve this mondayne casualte and payne  
 And to thy maker one god to be servaunt.  
 Which whyle thou lyvest shall nat let the want  
 That thou desyrest justly, for thy syrvyce,  
 And than after gyve the, the joyes of Paradyse.

From the German of SEBASTIAN BRANDT.

Translation of ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

\* At once.



RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;  
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;  
He recked not of their praise or blame;  
There was no fear, there was no shame  
For one upon whose dazzled eyes  
The whole world poured its vast surprise.  
The open heaven was far too near,  
His first day's light too sweet and clear,  
To let him waste his new-gained ken  
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?  
What hast thou been? What art thou now?  
Thou art not he who yesterday  
Sat here and begged beside the way,  
For he was blind.

*And I am he;*

*For I was blind, but now I see.*

He told the story o'er and o'er;  
It was his full heart's only lore;  
A prophet on the Sabbath day  
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,  
And made him see, who had been blind.  
Their words passed by him like the wind  
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock  
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;  
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;

Their sneers at Jesus and his band,  
Nameless and homeless in the land,  
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,  
All could not change him by one word.

*I know not what this man may be,  
Sinner or saint; but as for me,  
One thing I know, that I am he  
Who once was blind, and now I see.*

They were all doctors of renown,  
The great men of a famous town,  
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,  
Beneath their wide phylacteries;  
The wisdom of the East was theirs,  
And honor crowned their silver hairs;  
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn  
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;  
But he knew better far than they  
What came to him that Sabbath day;  
And what the Christ had done for him,  
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

JOHN HAY.

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#### RABBI BEN EZRA.

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made:  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be  
afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,  
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,  
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"  
Not that, admiring stars,  
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;  
Mine be some figured flame which blends, tran-  
scends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears,  
Annulling youth's brief years,  
Do I remonstrate—folly wide the mark!  
Rather I prize the doubt  
Low kinds exist without,  
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,  
Were man but formed to feed  
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:  
Such feasting ended, then  
As sure an end to men;  
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the  
maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied  
To That which doth provide  
And not partake, effect and not receive!  
A spark disturbs our clod;  
Nearer we hold of God  
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must  
believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!

Be our joys three parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain;

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge  
the throe!

For thence—a paradox

Which comforts while it mocks—

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:

What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me:

A brute I might have been, but would not sink  
i' the scale.

What is he but a brute

Whose flesh hath soul to suit,

Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want  
play?

To man, propose this test—

Thy body at its best,

How far can that project thy soul on its lone  
way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:

I own the Past profuse

Of power each side, perfection every turn:

Eyes, ears took in their dole,

Brain treasured up the whole;

Should not the heart beat once, "How good to  
live and learn?"

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!

I see the whole design,

I, who saw Power, shall see Love perfect too:  
Perfect I call Thy plan:  
Thanks that I was a man!  
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou  
shalt do!”

For pleasant is this flesh;  
Our soul, in its rose-mesh  
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:  
Would we some prize might hold  
To match those manifold  
Possessions of the brute—gain most, as we did  
best!

Let us not always say,  
“Spite of this flesh to-day  
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the  
whole!”  
As the bird wings and sings,  
Let us cry, “All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than  
flesh helps soul!”

Therefore I summon age  
To grant youth’s heritage,  
Life’s struggle having so far reached its term:  
Thence shall I pass, approved  
A man, for aye removed  
From the developed brute; a God though in the  
germ.

And I shall thereupon  
Take rest, ere I be gone

Once more on my adventure brave and new :  
Fearless and unperplexed,  
When I wage battle next,  
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try  
My gain or loss thereby ;  
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold :  
And I shall weigh the same,  
Give life its praise or blame :  
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being  
old.

For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray :  
A whisper from the west  
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,  
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day."

So, still within this life,  
Though lifted o'er its strife,  
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,  
"This rage was right i' the main,  
That acquiescence vain :  
The Future I may face now I have proved the  
Past."

For more is not reserved  
To man, with soul just nerved  
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :  
Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true  
play.

As it was better; youth  
Should strive, through acts uncouth,  
Toward making, than repose on aught found  
made;  
So, better, age, exempt  
From strife, should know, than tempt  
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be  
afraid!

Enough now, if the Right  
And Good and Infinite  
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine  
own,  
With knowledge absolute,  
Subject to no dispute  
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel  
alone.

Be there, for once and all,  
Severed great minds from small,  
Announced to each his station in the Past!  
Was I, the world arraigned,  
Were they, my soul disdained,  
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace  
at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?  
Ten men love what I hate,  
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive:  
Ten, who in ears and eyes  
Match me: we all surmise,  
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my  
soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass  
Called "work," must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;  
O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,  
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a  
trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account;  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the  
man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and es-  
caped;  
All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the  
pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,  
That metaphor! and feel  
Why time spins fast; why passive lies our clay,—  
Thou, to whom fools propound,  
When the wine makes its round,  
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone,  
seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,  
'Lasts ever, past recall;



Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:  
What entered into thee,  
That was, is, and shall be:  
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay  
endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance,  
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently im-  
pressed.

What though the earlier grooves  
Which ran the laughing loves  
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?  
What though, about thy rim,  
Sculd-things in order grim  
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down, but up!  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow!  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou  
with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,  
Thee, God, who moulded men;  
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,

Did I—to the wheel of life  
With shapes and colors rife,  
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy  
thirst:

So, take and use Thy work!  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the  
aim!  
My times be in Thy hand!  
Perfect the cup as planned!  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the  
same!

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

FROM "HUDIBRAS," PART I.

HE was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery,  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks;  
Call fire, and sword, and desolation  
A godly, thorough Reformation,  
Which always must be carried on  
And still be doing, never done;  
As if religion were intended

For nothing else but to be mended.  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss;  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;  
That with more care keep holiday  
The wrong than others the right way;  
Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to;  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipped God for spite;  
The self-same thing they will abhor  
One way, and long another for.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

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### THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;  
I love a prophet of the soul;  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;  
Yet not for all his faith can see  
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.  
Why should the vest on him allure,  
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle:  
Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old;

The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below,—  
The canticles of love and woe.  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;—  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowest thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone;  
And Morning opes with haste her lids,  
To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye;  
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,  
These wonders rose to upper air;  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;  
Art might obey, but not surpass.

The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;  
And the same power that reared the shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
And through the priest the mind inspires.  
The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.  
I know what say the fathers wise,—  
The Book itself before me lies,—  
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,  
And he who blent both in his line,  
The younger Golden Lips or mines,  
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.  
His words are music in my ear,  
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;  
And yet, for all his faith could see,  
I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## ON AN INFANT

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.

"BE, rather than be called, a child of God,"  
Death whispered!—with assenting nod,  
Its head upon its mother's breast,  
The baby bowed, without demur—  
Of the kingdom of the Blest  
Possessor, not inheritor.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

"Religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good."—SWEDENBORG.

HE left a load of anthracite  
In front of a poor woman's door,  
When the deep snow, frozen and white,  
Wrapped street and square, mountain and  
moor.  
That was his deed.  
He did it well.  
"What was his creed?"  
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and his store,"  
In sitting down and rising up;  
When more he got, he gave the more,  
Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead  
In each good task.  
"What was his creed?"  
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,  
Soft, white, and silent in its fall;  
Not like the noisy winds that blow  
From shivering trees the leaves,—a pall  
For flowers and weed,  
Drooping below.  
"What was his creed?"  
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread  
For hungry people, young and old,  
Hope he inspired; kind words he said  
To those he sheltered from the cold.  
For we should feed  
As well as pray.  
"What was his creed?"  
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;  
His faith in words he never writ;  
He loved to share his cup and crust  
With all mankind who needed it.  
In time of need  
A friend was he.  
"What was his creed?"  
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he  
Worked well with hand and head;

And what he gave in charity  
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.  
Let us take heed,  
For life is brief.  
What was his creed—  
What his belief?

ANONYMOUS.

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### THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in the hollow, so damp and so cold,  
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,  
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mould,  
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.  
Now within this huge stone, like a king on his  
throne,  
A toad has been sitting more years than is  
known;  
And, strange as it seems, yet he constantly  
deems  
The world standing still while he's dreaming  
his dreams,—  
Does this wonderful toad in his cheerful abode  
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till  
night,  
Dun shadows glide over the ground,  
Where a watercourse once, as it sparkled with  
light,  
Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around:



Long years have passed by since its bed became  
dry,  
And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse  
of the sky  
Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,  
Where the glow-worm at noonday is trimming  
his lamp,  
And hardly a sound from the thicket around,  
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the  
ground,  
Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode  
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,  
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come,  
The shade is too black for a flower;  
And jewel-winged birds with their musical  
hum,  
Never flash in the night of that bower;  
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the  
brake,  
Lies amid the rank grass, half asleep, half  
awake;  
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in  
its trail,  
Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,  
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,  
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,  
Like a toad in his cell in the stone;  
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,  
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown;—

Their stream may go dry, and the wheels  
cease to ply,  
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the  
sky,  
Still they hug to their breast every time-hon-  
ored guest,  
And slumber and doze in inglorious rest;  
For no progress they find in the wide sphere  
of mind,  
And the world's standing still with all of their  
kind;  
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,  
Or move like a snail in the crust of his shell,  
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,  
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of  
stone,  
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

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#### HER CREED.

SHE stood before a chosen few,  
With modest air and eyes of blue;  
A gentle creature, in whose face  
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

"You wish to join our fold," they said:  
"Do you believe in all that's read  
From ritual and written creed,  
Essential to our human need?"

A troubled look was in her eyes;  
She answered, as in vague surprise,

As though the sense to her were dim,  
"I only strive to follow Him."

They knew her life; how, oft she stood,  
Sweet in her guileless maidenhood,  
By dying bed, in hovel lone,  
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,  
Sweet as the voice of singing bird;  
Her hand been open in distress;  
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought  
To know her inmost earnest thought,  
With look as of the seraphim,  
"I only strive to follow Him."

Creeds change as ages come and go;  
We see by faith, but little know:  
Perchance the sense was not so dim  
To her who "strove to follow Him."

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

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### MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds  
Where charity is seen; that when  
We climb to heaven, 't is on the rounds  
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,  
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;

Where centre is not—can there be  
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare  
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—  
Whatever things be sweet or fair,  
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies  
That charm to rest the nursling bird,  
Or the sweet confidence of sighs  
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush  
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,  
Or by some cabin door, a bush  
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,  
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,  
That make us saints: we judge the tree  
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
From works, on theologic trust,  
I know the blood about his heart  
Is dry as dust.

ALICE CARY.

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#### GIVE ME THY HEART.

With echoing steps the worshippers  
Departed one by one;  
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,  
The vesper hymn was done;

The shadow fell from roof and arch,  
Dim was the incensed air,  
One lamp alone, with trembling ray,  
Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;  
Her tears were falling fast;  
"Help, Lord," she cried, "the shades of death  
Upon my soul are cast!  
Have I not shunned the path of sin,  
And chose the better part?"—  
What voice came through the sacred air?—  
*"My child, give me thy heart!"*

"Have not I laid before thy shrine  
My wealth, O Lord?" she cried;  
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold,  
To minister to pride?  
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,  
And vain delights depart?"—  
But sad and tender was the voice,—  
*"My child, give me thy heart!"*

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day  
Where thy poor children dwell;  
And carried help, and gold, and food?  
O Lord, thou know'st it well!  
From many a house, from many a soul,  
My hand bids care depart"—  
More sad, more tender was the voice,—  
*"My child, give me thy heart!"*

"Have I not worn my strength away  
With fast and penance sore?

Have I not watched and wept?" she cried;

"Did thy dear saints do more?

Have I not gained thy grace, O Lord,

And won in heaven my part?"—

It echoed louder in her soul,—

*"My child, give me thy heart!"*

"For I have loved thee with a love

No mortal heart can show;

A love so deep my saints in heaven

Its depths can never know:

When pierced and wounded on the cross,

Man's sin and doom were mine,

I loved thee with undying love,

Immortal and divine!

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;

My soul bears all thy pains;

To gain thy love my sacred heart

In earthly shrines remains:

Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,

Without one gift divine;

Give it, my child, thy heart to me,

And it shall rest in mine!"

In awe she listened, as the shade

Passed from her soul away;

In low and trembling voice she cried,—

"Lord, help me to obey!

Break thou the chains of earth, O Lord,

That bind and hold my heart;

Let it be thine and thine alone,

Let none with thee have part.

“Send down, O Lord, thy sacred fire!  
Consume and cleanse the sin  
That lingers still within its depths:  
Let heavenly love begin.  
That sacred flame thy saints have known,  
Kindle, O Lord, in me,  
Thou above all the rest forever,  
And all the rest in thee.”

The blessing fell upon her soul;  
Her angel by her side  
Knew that the hour of peace was come;  
Her soul was purified;  
The shadows fell from roof and arch,  
Dim was the incensed air,—  
But peace went with her as she left  
The sacred Presence there!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

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O, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!

O, MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
Of miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like  
stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:  
To make undying music in the world,





So shall I join the choir invisible,  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (*George Eliot*).

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O YET WE TRUST THAT SOMEHOW  
GOOD.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," LIII.

O YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## DAY BREAKS.

WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower,  
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for  
hour?

Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,  
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

“The stars are clear above me; scarcely one  
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;  
But I yet see on the horizon’s verge  
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would  
surge.”

Look forth again, O watcher on the tower,—  
The people wake and languish for the hour;  
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine  
For the full daylight that they know must shine.

“I see not well,—the moon is cloudy still,—  
There is a radiance on the distant hill;  
Even as I watch the glory seems to grow;  
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.”

And is that all, O watcher on the tower?  
Look forth again; it must be near the hour;  
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,  
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?

“A mist envelops them; I cannot trace  
Their outline; but the day comes on apace:

The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,  
And all the stars grow dim; the morning  
breaks."

We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower:  
But look again, and tell us, hour by hour,  
All thou beholdest: many of us die  
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!

"I see the hill-tops now, and chanticleer  
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;  
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,  
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

Again, again, O watcher on the tower!  
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,  
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be  
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?

"I hope, but cannot tell; I hear a song,  
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,  
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?  
Is he a prophet? does the dawning hour  
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,  
Filled with the glories of the future time?

"He prophesies,—his heart is full; his lay  
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day;  
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,  
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour  
When error shall decay, and truth grow strong,  
And light shall rule supreme and conquer  
wrong?

“He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,  
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;  
When war shall cease, and man’s progressive  
mind  
Soar as unfettered as its God designed.”

Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!  
Is the day breaking? Dawns the happy hour?  
We pine to see it; tell us yet again  
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?

“It breaks! it comes! the misty shadows fly:  
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;  
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear,  
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.”

CHARLES MACKAY.

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### MY HOME.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR A HOUSE IN THE  
GREEN PARISH OF DEVONSHIRE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell,  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather proof;  
Under the sparres of which I lie,  
Both soft and drie;

Where thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate;  
Both void of state;  
And yet the threshold of my doore  
Is worn by the poore,  
Who hither come and freely get  
Good words or meat.  
Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchen's small;  
A little butterie, and therein  
A little byn,  
Which keeps my little loafe of bread  
Unchipt, unflead.  
Some sticks of thorn or briar  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose loving coals I sit,  
And glow like it.  
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
The pulse is thine,  
And all those other bits that bee  
There placed by thee;  
The worts, the purslain, and the messe  
Of water-cresse,  
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;  
And my content  
Makes those and my beloved beet  
More sweet.  
'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltlesse mirth,  
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,

Spiced to the brink.  
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand  
That soiles my land,  
And gives me for my bushel sowne,  
Twice ten for one.  
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
Her egg each day,  
Besides my healthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each yeare;  
The while the conduits of my kine  
Run creame for wine.  
All these and better thou dost send  
Me to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
*A thankfulle heart,*  
Which, fired with incense, I resigne  
As wholly thine;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
MY CHRIST, by thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

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PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly  
crave,  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave;  
And asked if Peace were there.  
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!  
Go, seek elsewhere."  
I did; and, going, did a rainbow note:  
"Surely," thought I,  
"This is the lace of Peace's coat.

I will search out the matter.”  
But, while I looked, the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy  
A gallant flower,—  
The crown-imperial. “Sure,” said I,  
“Peace at the root must dwell.”  
But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour  
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began:  
“There was a prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase  
Of flock and fold.

“He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save  
His life from foes.  
But, after death, out of his grave  
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;  
Which many wondering at, got some of those  
To plant and set.

“It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse  
Through all the earth.  
For they that taste it do rehearse,  
That virtue lies therein,—  
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,  
By flight of sin.

“Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
And grows for you:

Make bread of it; and that repose  
And peace which everywhere  
With so much earnestness you do pursue,  
Is only there."

GEORGE HERBERT.

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### PEACE.

Is this the peace of God, this strange sweet  
calm?  
The weary day is at its zenith still,  
Yet 't is as if beside some cool, clear rill,  
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening  
psalm,  
And all the noise of life were hushed away,  
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing  
sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside  
With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed;  
Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,  
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,  
Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,  
And fear, and gloom, and doubt in mighty flood  
rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no power to meet,  
Nor power to flee: my present, future, past,  
Myself, my sorrow, and my sin I cast  
In utter helplessness at Jesu's feet:  
Then bent me to the storm, if such his will.  
He saw the winds and waves, and whispered,  
"Peace, be still!"



And there was calm! O Saviour, I have proved  
That thou to help and save art really near:  
How else this quiet rest from grief and fear

And all distress? The cross is not removed,  
I must go forth to bear it as before,  
But, leaning on thine arm, I dread its weight no  
more.

Is it indeed thy peace? I have not tried  
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,  
Or measure if belief be full and just,

And therefore claim thy peace. But thou hast  
died,  
I know that this is true for me,  
And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but thou  
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see  
Less sin, but more of pardoning love with thee,

And all-sufficient grace. Enough! and now  
All fluttering thought is stilled, I only rest,  
And feel that thou art near, and know that I am  
blest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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### LIVING WATERS.

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed  
and deep

As ever Summer saw;  
And cool their water is,—yea, cool and sweet;—  
But you must come to draw.

They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,  
And not unsought will give;

They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,  
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling  
burst

To follow dusty ways,  
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst  
Where the tired traveller strays;

That never ask the meadows if they want  
What is their joy to give;—

Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,  
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,  
Wherein all waters fall;

That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,  
Feeding and bearing all;

That broods the mists, that sends the clouds  
abroad,

That takes, again to give;—  
Even the great and loving heart of God,  
Whereby all love doth live.

CAROLINE S. SPENCER.

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### DEVOTION.

The immortal gods  
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised  
By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer  
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,  
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gems,  
Offered in ostentation.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

THE SEASIDE WELL.

"Waters flowed over mine head; then I said, I am cut off."—LAMENTATIONS iii. 54.

ONE day I wandered where the salt sea-tide  
    Backward had drawn its wave,  
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hillside  
    To wild-flowers gave.  
Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,  
    And mid its pebbles strayed,  
As if it thought to join a happy brook  
    In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell  
    Came rolling in once more,  
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well  
    And pebbled shore.  
Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,  
    Or life in the grave's gloom,  
The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,  
    Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide,  
    Remnant of wreck to save,  
Again I wandered when the salt sea-tide  
    Withdrew its wave;  
And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,  
    No anger in its tone,  
Still as it thought some happy brook to meet,  
    The spring flowed on.

While waves of bitterness rolled o'er its head,  
    Its heart had folded deep  
Within itself, and quiet fancies led,  
    As in a sleep;  
Till, when the ocean loosed his heavy chain,  
    And gave it back to day,  
Calmly it turned to its own life again  
    And gentle way.

Happy, I thought, that which can draw its life  
    Deep from the nether springs,  
Safe 'neath the pressure, tranquil mid the strife,  
    Of surface things.  
Safe—for the sources of the nether springs  
    Up in the far hills lie;  
Calm—for the life its power and freshness brings  
    Down from the sky.

So, should temptations threaten, and should sin  
    Roll in its welching flood,  
Make strong the fountain of thy grace within  
    My soul, O God!  
If bitter scorn, and looks, once kind, grown  
    strange,  
    With crushing chillness fall,  
From secret wells let sweetness rise, nor change  
    My heart to gall!

When sore thy hand doth press, and waves of  
    thine  
    Afflict me like a sea,—  
Deep calling deep,—infuse from source divine  
    Thy peace in me!

And when death's tide, as with a brimful cup,  
Over my soul doth pour,  
Let hope survive,—a well that springeth up  
Forevermore!

Above my head the waves may come and go,  
Long brood the deluge dire,  
But life lies hidden in the depths below  
Till waves retire,—  
Till death, that reigns with overflowing flood,  
At length withdraw its sway,  
And life rise sparkling in the sight of God  
An endless day.

ANONYMOUS.

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ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,  
Beaten and tossed about  
By the sullen winds that blow  
From the desolate shores of doubt,—

When the anchors that faith had cast  
Are dragging in the gale,  
I am quietly holding fast  
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;  
That it is not good to lie;  
That love is better than spite,  
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs  
The leash of a sober mind;  
I know that generous deeds  
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;  
That the givers shall increase;  
That Duty lights the way  
For the beautiful feet of Peace;—

In the darkest night of the year,  
When the stars have all gone out,  
That courage is better than fear,  
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,  
And long though the angels hide,  
I know that Truth and Right  
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,  
Is a Love that is better than fate;  
When the night unlocks her bars  
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

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#### THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done,—the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;  
And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,—  
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;  
And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
As flits the merry Christmas time;  
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts  
That fate ere long shall bid you play;  
Good night!—with honest, gentle hearts  
A kindly greeting go away!

Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,  
Just hinted in this mimic page,  
The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
Are but repeated in our age;  
I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
Your hopes more vain, than those of men,—  
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
Not less nor more as men than boys,—  
With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
As erst at twelve in corduroys;  
And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
I'd say how fate may change and shift,—  
IV—17

The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
The race not always to the swift:  
The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all,  
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
Blessèd be He who took and gave!  
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
Be weeping at her darling's grave?  
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,  
That darkly rules the fate of all,  
That sends the respite or the blow,  
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit,—  
Who brought him to that mirth and state?  
His betters, see, below him sit,  
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?  
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow.



Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the awful will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Who misses, or who wins the prize,—  
Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)  
The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days;  
The shepherds heard it overhead,—  
The joyful angels raised it then:  
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;  
I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health and love and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still,—  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## THE NEW YEAR.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," CV.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night—  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land—  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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LIFE.

It is not life upon thy gifts to live,  
But to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee;  
And when the sun and showers their bounties give,  
To send out thick-leaved limbs; a fruitful tree  
Whose green head meets the eye for many a mile,  
Whose spreading boughs a friendly shelter rear,  
And full-faced fruits their blushing welcome smile  
As to its goodly shade our feet draw near.  
Who tastes its gifts shall never hunger more,  
For 't is the Father spreads the pure repast,  
Who, while we eat, renews the ready store,  
Which at his bounteous board must ever last;  
And, as the more we to his children lend,  
The more to us doth of his bounty send.

JONES VERY.

SELECTIONS  
FROM PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE POET'S THEME.

OF man's first disobedience and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the  
first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to men.

## BOOK IX.

## THE TEMPTATION.

THE Sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round:  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned  
 From compassing the Earth;

. . . . .

The orb he roamed  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Considered every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him, after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake

Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native subtlety  
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,  
Doubt might beget of diabolic power  
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.

For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,  
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;  
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
The only two of mankind, but in them  
The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
In bower and field he sought where any tuft  
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;  
By fountain or by shady rivulet  
He sought them both, but wished his hap might  
find

Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round  
About her glowed.

"She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods.  
Not terrible, though terror be in love  
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under show of love well feigned;  
The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclosed  
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve  
Addressed his way: not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,

Circular base of rising folds, that towered  
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape  
And lovely; never since of serpent-kind  
Lovelier.

So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound  
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
To such disport before her through the field,  
From every beast; more duteous at her call  
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed  
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,  
Fawning; and licked the ground whereon she  
trod.

His gentle dumb expression turned at length  
The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad  
Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

“Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst who art sole wonder! much less arm  
Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have feared  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,

Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
 With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,  
 Where universally admired; but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should  
     be seen

A goddess among gods, adored and served  
 By angels numberless, thy daily train."

So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned:  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way.

[After some discourse, the Tempter praises the  
*Tree of Knowledge.*]

So standing, moving, or to height up grown,  
 The tempter, all impassioned, thus began.

"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,  
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear; not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deemed however wise.  
 Queen of this universe! do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:  
 How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,  
 Me, who have touched and tasted; yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attained than Fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire



For such a petty trespass? and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,  
Deterred not from achieving what might lead  
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;  
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?  
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
Not just, not God: not feared then, nor obeyed:  
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;  
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers? He knows that in the day  
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,  
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;  
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.  
So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on gods; death to be wished,  
Though threatened, which no worse than this can  
bring.

And what are gods, that man may not become  
As they, participating godlike food?  
The gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,  
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;  
Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclosed  
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
The offence, that man should thus attain to  
know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
Impart against his will, if all be his?

Or is it envy? and can envy dwell

In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many  
more

Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

THE FALL.

HE ended, and his words replete with guile  
Into her heart too easy entrance won:  
Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first  
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused.

"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of  
fruits,  
Though kept from man, and worthy to be ad-  
mired,  
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy  
praise:

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use

Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want:  
For good unknown sure is not had, or had  
And yet unknown is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and dis-  
cerns,

Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us denied  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?  
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which  
first

Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then? rather what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
Of God or death, of law or penalty?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat:

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve  
Intent now wholly on her taste nought else  
Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge: nor was Godhead from her  
thought.  
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
And knew not eating death.

## BOOK XI.

## INTERCESSION AND REDEMPTION.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood  
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
Prevenient grace descending had removed  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breathed  
Unutterable; which the spirit of prayer  
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with speedier  
flight  
Than loudest oratory: yet their port  
Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their  
prayers  
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds

Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed  
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

“See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are  
sprung

From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs  
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed  
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;  
Fruits of more pleasing savor, from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produced ere fallen  
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear  
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
Interpret for him; me, his advocate  
And propitiation; all his works on me,  
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those  
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive  
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live  
Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
Numbered though sad; till death his doom  
(which I

To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)  
To better life shall yield him: where with me  
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss;  
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.”

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.  
“All thy request for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain; all thy request was my decree:  
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
Those pure immortal elements, that know  
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,  
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,  
And mortal food; as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
Distempered all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
Created him endowed; with happiness,  
And immortality: that fondly lost,  
This other served but to eternize woe;  
Till I provided death: so death becomes  
His final remedy; and, after life,  
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
Waked in the renovation of the just,  
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renewed."

## EVE'S LAMENT.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods; where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank

Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

EVE TO ADAM.

WITH sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
This further consolation, yet secure,  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

## BOOK XII.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

IN either hand the hastening angel caught  
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.  
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate  
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.

Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them  
soon;

The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and  
slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.



## V.

### HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

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#### A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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#### THE GIFTS OF GOD.

WHEN God at first made man,  
Having a glass of blessings standing by,  
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:  
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,  
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;  
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:  
When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
Perceiving that, alone, of all his treasure,  
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)  
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,  
He would adore my gifts instead of me,  
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:  
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
But keep them with repining restlessness:  
Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

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DUTY.

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty:  
I woke and found that life was Duty:  
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

## ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove—  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free,  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them; who, in love and truth  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,  
Who do thy work, and know it not;  
Long may the kindly impulse last!  
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to  
stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet find that other strength, according to their  
need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust;  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I  
may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control,  
But in the quietness of thought;  
Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance desires,  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we any thing so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face;  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are  
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!  
I call thee: I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me  
 live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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### SELF-INQUIRY.

LET not soft slumber close my eyes,  
 Before I've recollected thrice  
 The train of action through the day!  
 Where have my feet chose out their way?  
 What have I learnt, where'er I've been,  
 From all I have heard, from all I've seen?  
 What know I more that 's worth the knowing?  
 What have I done that 's worth the doing?  
 What have I sought that I should shun?  
 What duty have I left undone?  
 Or into what new follies run?  
 These self-inquiries are the road  
 That leads to virtue and to God.

ISAAC WATTS.

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### THE THREE ENEMIES.

#### THE FLESH.

"SWEET, thou art pale."

"More pale to see,  
 Christ hung upon the cruel tree  
 And bore his Father's wrath for me."

"Sweet, thou art sad."

"Beneath a rod  
More heavy Christ for my sake trod  
The wine-press of the wrath of God."

"Sweet, thou art weary."

"Not so Christ:  
Whose mighty love of me sufficed  
For strength, salvation, eucharist."

"Sweet, thou art footsore."

"If I bleed,  
His feet have bled: yea, in my need  
His heart once bled for mine indeed."

#### THE WORLD.

"Sweet, thou art young."

"So he was young  
Who for my sake in silence hung  
Upon the cross with passion wrung."

"Look, thou art fair."

"He was more fair  
Than men, who deigned for me to wear  
A visage marred beyond compare."

"And thou hast riches."

"Daily bread:  
All else is his; who living, dead,  
For me lacked where to lay his head."

"And life is sweet."

"It was not so  
To him, whose cup did overflow  
With mine unutterable woe."

## THE DEVIL.

"Thou drinkest deep."

"When Christ would sup  
He drained the dregs from out my cup;  
So how should I be lifted up?"

"Thou shalt win glory."

"In the skies,  
Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes,  
Lest they should look on vanities."

"Thou shalt have knowledge."

"Helpless dust,  
In thee, O Lord, I put my trust:  
Answer thou for me, Wise and Just."

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

## SAID I NOT SO?

SAID I not so,—that I would sin no more?

Witness, my God, I did;  
Yet I am run again upon the score:  
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do?—make vows and break them  
still?

'T will be but labor lost;  
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:  
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength  
Thy God may give thee at the length.  
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,



Thy God will pardon all that's past.  
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow,  
    thou may'st  
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest  
    least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,  
Whilst he permits thee but to call.  
Call to thy God for grace to keep  
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.  
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:  
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.  
    Then once again  
    I vow to mend my ways;  
    Lord, say Amen,  
And thine be all the praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

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### NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life;  
Sin committed while conscience slept,  
Promises made, but never kept,  
Hatred, battle, and strife;  
    *Nothing but leaves!*

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves  
Of life's fair, ripened grain;  
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;  
We sow our seeds,—lo! tares and weeds:  
We reap, with toil and pain,  
    *Nothing but leaves!*

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves  
 No veil to screen the past:  
 As we retrace our weary way,  
 Counting each lost and misspent day,  
 We find, sadly, at last,  
*Nothing but leaves!*

And shall we meet the Master so,  
 Bearing our withered leaves?  
 The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,  
 We stand before him, humbled, mute;  
 Waiting the words he breathes,—  
*“Nothing but leaves?”*

LUCY E. AKERMAN.

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### THE WORLD.

“And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.”—JOHN xvi. 8.

THE world is wise, for the world is old;  
 Five thousand years their tale have told;  
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might  
 be,—  
 Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much;  
 It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch;  
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might  
 be,—  
 Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is strong, with an awful strength,  
 And full of life in its breadth and length;

Yet the world is not happy, as the world might  
be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is so beautiful one may fear  
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear,  
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might  
be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,  
There is rest by night and high spirits by day;  
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might  
be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,  
And the earth is peopled with holy things;  
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might  
be,—

Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made thee of  
old;

Why,—thy faith hath gone out, and thy love  
grown cold;

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,  
For the want-of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood that thou lackest, thou poor old  
world!

Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old  
world?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,  
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,  
Remember that Christ must have his own way;  
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,  
But the love of God would do all for thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

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### THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish saith,  
But none, "THERE is no sorrow";  
And nature oft the cry of faith  
In bitter need will borrow:  
Eyes which the preacher could not school,  
By wayside graves are raised;  
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"  
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."  
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest stretches from the steep  
The shadow of its coming;  
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,  
As help were in the human:  
Yet while the cloud-wheels roll and grind  
We spirits tremble under!—  
The hills have echoes; but we find  
No answer for the thunder.  
Be pitiful, O God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—  
Earth feels new scythes upon her:

We reap our brothers for the wains,  
And call the harvest, honor,—  
Draw face to face, front line to line,  
One image all inherit,—  
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,  
Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.

Be pitiful, O God!

The plague runs festering through the town,  
And never a bell is tolling:  
And corpses jostled 'neath the moon,  
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling.  
The young child calleth for the cup—  
The strong man brings it weeping;  
The mother from her babe looks up,  
And shrieks away its sleeping.

Be pitiful, O God!

The plague of gold strides far and near,  
And deep and strong it enters:  
This purple chimar which we wear,  
Makes madder than the centaur's.  
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow  
strange;  
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—  
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,  
And marked, like sheep, with figures.

Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land,  
The lack of bread enforces—  
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,  
Like more of Death's White Horses:

The rich preach "rights" and future days,  
And hear no angel scoffing:  
The poor die mute—with starving gaze  
On corn-ships in the offing.

Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—  
To private mirth betake us—  
We stare down in the winecup lest  
Some vacant chair should shake us!  
We name delight, and pledge it round—  
"It shall be ours to-morrow!"  
God's seraphs, do your voices sound  
As sad in naming sorrow?

Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,  
The steadfast skies, above us:  
We look into each other's eyes,  
"And how long will you love us?"  
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,  
The voice is low and breathless—  
"Till death us part!"—O words, to be  
Our *best* for love the deathless!

Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed  
Of one loved and departed—  
Our tears drop on the lids that said  
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"  
O God,—to clasp those fingers close,  
And yet to feel so lonely!—

To see a light upon such brows,  
Which is the daylight only!

Be pitiful, O God!

The happy children come to us,  
And look up in our faces:  
They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,  
When we were in their places?  
We cannot speak:—we see anew  
The hills we used to live in;  
And feel our mother's smile press through  
The kisses she is giving.

Be pitiful, O God!

We pray together at the kirk,  
For mercy, mercy, solely—  
Hands weary with the evil work,  
We lift them to the Holy!  
The corpse is calm below our knee—  
Its spirit bright before thee—  
Between them, worse than either, we—  
Without the rest of glory!

Be pitiful, O God!

We leave the communing of men,  
The murmur of the passions;  
And live alone, to live again  
With endless generations.  
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky  
In silence lift their mirrors;  
And, glassed therein, our spirits high  
Recoil from their own terrors.

Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,  
 Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:  
 The sun strikes through the farthest mist,  
 The city's spire to golden.  
 The city's golden spire it was,  
 When hope and health were strong;  
 But now it is the churchyard grass,  
 We look upon the longest.  
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—  
 Men whisper, "He is dying":  
 We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"—  
 We have no strength for crying:  
 No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,  
 Look up and triumph, rather—  
 Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,  
 The Son adjures the Father—  
BE PITIFUL, O GOD.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—LUKE xxii. 31.

IN Saint Luke's Gospel we are told  
 How Peter in the days of old  
Was sifted;  
 And now, though ages intervene,  
 Sin is the same, while time and scene  
Are shifted.



Satan desires us, great and small,  
As wheat, to sift us, and we all  
Are tempted;  
Not one, however rich or great,  
Is by his station or estate  
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is  
But he, by some device of his,  
Can enter;  
No heart hath armor so complete  
But he can pierce with arrows fleet  
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow  
Who hear the warning voice, but go  
Unheeding,  
Till thrice and more they have denied  
The Man of Sorrows, crucified  
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face  
Will make us feel the deep disgrace  
Of weakness;  
We shall be sifted till the strength  
Of self-conceit be changed at length  
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;  
The reddening scars remain, and make  
Confession;  
Lost innocence returns no more;  
We are not what we were before  
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat

    The stronger,  
And conscious still of the divine  
Within them, lie on earth supine  
    No longer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
And day and night are the same as one;  
The year grows green, and the year grows brown,  
And what is it all, when all is done?  
Grains of sombre or shining sand,  
Gliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,  
And a hundred ships are the same as one;  
And backward and forward blows the breeze,  
And what is it all, when all is done?  
A tide with never a shore in sight  
Getting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,  
And a hundred streams are the same as one;  
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,  
And what is it all, when all is done? .  
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,  
And alway the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

ANONYMOUS.

## DIFFERENT MINDS.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied;  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How Love has in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

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## MY RECOVERY.

RECOVERY,—daughter of Creation too,  
Though not for immortality designed,—  
The Lord of life and death  
Sent thee from heaven to me!  
Had I not heard thy gentle tread approach,  
Not heard the whisper of thy welcome voice,  
Death had with iron foot  
My chilly forehead pressed.

'T is true, I then had wandered where the earths  
Roll around suns; had strayed along the paths  
Where the maned comet soars  
Beyond the armed eye;  
And with the rapturous, eager greet had hailed  
The inmates of those earths and of those suns;  
Had hailed the countless host  
That throng the comet's disc;  
Had asked the novice questions, and obtained  
Such answers as a sage vouchsafes to youth;  
Had learned in hours far more  
Than ages here unfold!  
But I had then not ended here below  
What, in the enterprising bloom of life,  
Fate with no light behest  
Required me to begin.  
Recovery,—daughter of Creation too,  
Though not for immortality designed,—  
The Lord of life and death  
Sent thee from heaven to me!

From the German of FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

Translation of W. TAYLOR.

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### THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,

Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will:—

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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#### SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

“CARRY me across!”

The Syrian heard, rose up, and braced  
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:  
“My child, see how the waters boil?  
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;  
But life is little loss.

“I ’ll carry thee with joy,  
If needs be, safe as nestling dove:  
For o’er this stream I pilgrims bring







In service to one Christ, a King  
Whom I have never seen, yet love."

"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took  
The burden on his shoulders great,  
And stepped into the waves once more;  
When lo! they leaping rise and roar,  
And 'neath the little child's light weight  
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he wild,  
Struggling in middle of the ford:  
"Boy as thou look'st, it seems to me  
The whole world's load I bear in thee,  
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,  
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,  
But gained the farther bank, and then  
A voice cried, "Hence *Christopheros* be!  
For carrying thou hast carried Me,  
The King of angels and of men,  
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue  
The saint saw,—not the wandering boy,  
But him who walked upon the sea  
And o'er the plains of Galilee,  
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,  
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

Oh, little is all loss,  
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,

If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,  
Through the deep waters of our way,  
The burden that Christopheros bore,—  
To carry thee across.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

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### SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHEN wards are weak and foes encountering  
strong,

Where mightier do assault than do defend,  
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,  
And silent sees that speech could not amend.  
Yet higher powers most think though they re-  
pine,—

When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,  
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;  
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by;  
These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish.  
There is a time even for the worms to creep,  
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The martin cannot ever soar on high,  
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;  
The tender lark will find a time to fly,  
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.  
He that high-growth on cedars did bestow,  
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,  
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;  
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,

Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.  
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,  
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

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### THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, IT is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change  
To ill with greater ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when he  
Is most invisible.

Blest, is he who can divine  
Where the real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

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### THE COST OF WORTH.

FROM "BITTER SWEET."

Thus is it all over the earth!  
That which we call the fairest,  
And prize for its surpassing worth,  
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,  
And gluts the laggard forges;





But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles  
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land  
With heaped and rounded ledges,  
But diamonds hide within the sand  
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine  
That sweeps the lazy river,  
But pearls come singly from the brine  
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men  
Unmatched by meed of labor;  
And Cost of Worth has ever been  
The closest neighbor.

All common good has common price;  
Exceeding good, exceeding;  
Christ bought the keys of Paradise  
By cruel bleeding;

And every soul that wins a place  
Upon its hills of pleasure,  
Must give it all, and beg for grace  
To fill the measure.

Up the broad stairs that Value rears  
Stand motives beck'ning earthward,  
To summon men to nobler spheres,  
And lead them worthward.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

## THE LABORER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form  
And likeness of thy God!—Who more?  
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm  
Of daily life, a heart as warm  
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man  
As moves the human mass among;  
As much a part of the great plan  
That with creation's dawn began,  
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high  
In station, or in wealth the chief?  
The great, who coldly pass thee by,  
With proud step and averted eye?  
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?  
A feather which thou mightest cast  
Aside, as idly as the blast  
The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,  
Absence of noble self-respect,  
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,  
To that high nature which aspires  
Forever, till thus checked;—



These are thine enemies—thy worst:

They chain thee to thy lowly lot;

Thy labor and thy life accursed.

O, stand erect, and from them burst,

And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy:

The great!—what better they than thou?

As theirs is not thy will as free?

Has God with equal favors thee

Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'t is but dust;

Nor place—uncertain as the wind;

But that thou hast, which, with thy crust

And water, may despise the lust

Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,

True faith, and holy trust in God,

Thou art the peer of any man.

Look up then; that thy little span

Of life may be well trod.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

---

#### A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast,—to keep

The larder lean,

And clean

From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,  
Or ragg'd to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 't is a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate,—  
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin,—  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

---

FROM "THE CHURCH PORCH."

THOU whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance  
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,  
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance  
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:  
A verse may find him who a sermon flies  
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy power),

Be sure to doe it, though it be but small;

Constancie knits the bones, and make us stowre,

When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:

What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.

Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.

Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own;

And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,

He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell.

Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.

Say not then, This with that lace will do well;

But, This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousnesse is a perpetual wooing;

Nothing, with labor; folly, long a doing.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.

God is more there than thou; for thou art there

Only by his permission. Then beware,

And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state;

All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:

Praying's the end of preaching. O, be drest!

Stay not for th' other pin : why thou hast lost  
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest  
     Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,  
     Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose  
     about thee.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy judge :  
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.  
 God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge  
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

    The worst speak something good : if *all* want  
     sense,

    God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## BRIEFS.

### WATER TURNED INTO WINE.

THE conscious water saw its God and blushed.

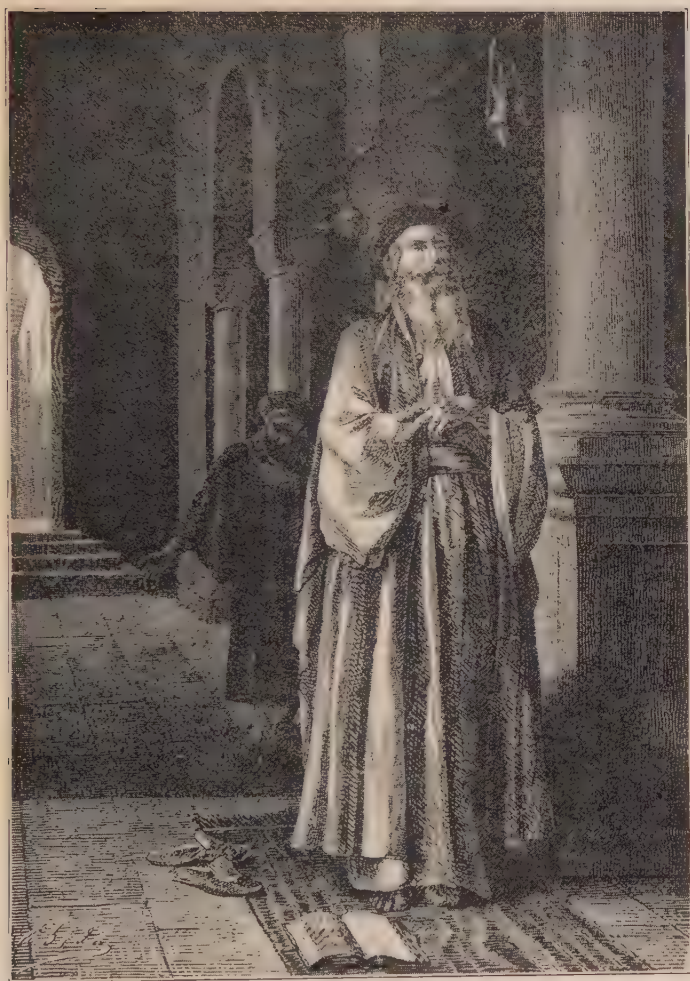
### THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,  
 Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand :  
 The other's wanton wealth foams high, and brave ;  
 The other cast away, she only gave.

“ TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.”

Two went to pray ? O, rather say,  
 One went to brag, the other to pray ;

One stands up close and treads on high,  
 Where the other dares not lend his eye ;





One nearer to God's altar trod,  
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

---

### JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.

God of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat  
The fiery winds of Desolation flow;  
Father of vengeance, that with purple feet  
Like a full wine-press tread'st the world below;  
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,  
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,  
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,  
Till thou hast marked the guilty land for woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign  
The billows of the proud their rage suppress;  
Father of mercies! at one word of thine  
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness,  
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,  
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,  
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,  
And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!  
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,  
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,  
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;  
And heaps her ivory palaces became,  
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,  
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,  
For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,  
And the sad City lift her crownless head,  
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps  
gleam

In streets where broods the silence of the dead.  
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,  
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers  
To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,  
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,  
And Abraham's children were led forth for  
slaves.

With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,  
Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.  
The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep,  
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,  
In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,  
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates'  
waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;  
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;  
He that went forth a tender prattling boy  
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come;  
And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,  
And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare,  
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,  
Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed  
the irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.



## EXAMPLE.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears,  
In weeds that mar the land,  
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—  
Into still air they seem to fleet,  
We count them ever past;  
But they shall last,—  
In the dread judgment they  
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,  
For the love's sake of brethren dear,  
Keep thou the one true way,  
In work and play,  
Lest in that world their cry  
Of woe thou hear.

JOHN KEEBLE.

---

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road strewed acorns  
on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into  
a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breath  
its early vows;

And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life besides.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 't was old, and yet 't was new;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.  
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,  
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd that thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied,  
from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory  
breath,—  
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul  
from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought  
at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the  
last.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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### THE RISE OF MAN.

THOU for whose birth the whole creation yearned  
Through countless ages of the morning world,  
Who, first in fiery vapors dimly hurled,  
Next to the senseless crystal slowly turned,  
Then to the plant which grew to something  
more,—  
Humblest of creatures that draw breath of life,—  
Wherefrom through infinites of patient pain  
Came conscious man to reason and adore:  
Shall we be shamed because such things have  
been,  
Or bate one jot of our ancestral pride?  
Nay, in thyself art thou not deified  
That from such depths thou couldst such sum-  
mits win?  
While the long way behind is prophecy  
Of those perfections which are yet to be.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

I WOULD I WERE AN EXCELLENT  
DIVINE.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine.

That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;  
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine  
How God doth make his enemies his friends;  
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer  
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,  
But a religious servant of my God;  
And know there is none other God but he,  
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod,—  
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,  
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,  
For all estates within the state of grace,  
That careful love might never know despair,  
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;  
And this would I both day and night devise  
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;  
Persuade the troubled soul to patience;  
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,  
To child and servant due obedience;  
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,  
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,  
Confession unto all that are convicted,  
And patience unto all that are displeased,  
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,  
And mercy unto all that have offended,  
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

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### THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

THE pastor sits in his easy-chair,  
With the Bible upon his knee.  
From gold to purple the clouds in the west  
Are changing momentarily;  
The shadows lie in the valleys below,  
And hide in the curtain's fold;  
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,  
"I remember the days of old."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,  
The pastor's memories are;  
No day that is gone was shadowless,  
No night was without its star;  
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been  
The portion of his cup:  
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,  
"In love hath bound us up."

Fleet flies his thoughts over many a field  
Of stubble and snow and bloom,  
And now it trips through a festival,  
And now it halts at a tomb;

Young faces smile in his reverie,  
Of those that are young no more,  
And voices are heard that only come  
With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first, with fear  
And faltering lips, he stood  
To speak in the sacred place the Word  
To the waiting multitude;  
He walks again to the house of God  
With the voice of joy and praise,  
With many whose feet long time have pressed  
Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,  
And joins in the homely chat;  
He stands in the shop of the artisan;  
He sits, where the Master sat,  
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.  
But who to-day are the poor,  
And who are the rich? Ask him who keeps  
The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound  
With the merry children's din;  
He hears their shout at the Christmas tide,  
When Santa Claus stalks in.  
Once more he lists while the camp-fire roars  
On the distant mountain-side,  
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook  
Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train  
To the altar slowly move,

And the solemn words are said that seal  
The sacrament of love.  
Anon at the font he meets once more  
The tremulous youthful pair,  
With a white-robed cherub crowing response  
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels again;  
Again, the thin hand lies  
Cold in his palm, while the last far look  
Steals into the steadfast eyes;  
And now the burden of hearts that break  
Lies heavy upon his own—  
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry  
And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,  
Are the days that are no more,  
So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float  
With the winds from a far-off shore.  
For the pastor has learned what meaneth the word  
That is given him to keep,—  
“Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep.”

It is not in vain that he has trod  
This lonely and toilsome way.  
It is not in vain that he has wrought  
In the vineyard all the day;  
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,  
And bearing another's load  
Doth lighten your own and shorten the way,  
And brighten the homeward road.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

## THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,  
Walked blameless through the evil world, and  
then

Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,  
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,  
And miserably sinned. So, adding not  
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught  
No more among the elders, but went out  
From the great congregation girt about  
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,  
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,  
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid  
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,  
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,  
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend  
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;  
And for the evil day thy brother lives."  
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives  
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells  
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels  
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees  
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees  
Bow with their weight. I will arise and lay  
My sins before him."

And he went his way  
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;  
But even as one who, followed unawares,  
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand



Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek  
fanned

By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near  
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,  
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low  
The wail of David's penitential woe,  
Before him still the old temptation came,  
And mocked him with the motion and the shame  
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred  
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord  
To free his soul and cast the demon out,  
Smote with his staff the blackness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,  
The towers of Ecbatana far away  
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint  
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint  
The faith of Islam reared a domèd tomb,  
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom  
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One  
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon  
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,  
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men  
Wept, praising him whose gracious providence  
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the  
sense

Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore  
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more  
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,  
Foul from my sins to tell thee all my shame.  
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,  
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.  
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind  
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare  
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.

"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,

"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not  
read,

'Better the eye should see than that desire  
Should wander'? Burning with a hidden fire  
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee  
For pity and for help, as thou to me.

Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,  
"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone  
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,  
Forgetting, in the agony and stress  
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;  
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;  
His prayers were answered in another's name;  
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,  
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,  
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos  
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:  
"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;  
Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;  
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;  
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight  
May be a token that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some infernal fiery foe,  
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace  
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—  
May be the angel's slackened hand  
Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,  
With hopeful pity, not disdain;  
The depth of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of pain  
And love and glory that may raise  
This soul to God in after days!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## TO THE UNCO GUID.

“ My son, these maxims make a rule  
 And lump them aye thegither :  
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,  
 The Rigid Wise anither :  
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ;  
 Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
 For random fits o' daffin.”

—SOLOMON, *Ecclesiastes* vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',  
 Sae pious and sae holy,  
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell  
 Your neebor's fauts and folly :—  
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
 Supplied wi' store o' water,  
 The heapèt happer's ebbing still,  
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,  
 As counsel for poor mortals,  
 That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door,  
 For glaikit Folly's portals !  
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
 Would here propone defences,  
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,  
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,  
 And shudder at the niffer ;  
 But cast a moment's fair regard,  
 What makes the mighty differ ?

Discount what scant occasion gave  
That purity ye pride in,  
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
Gies now and then a wallop,  
What ragings must his veins convulse,  
That still eternal gallop:  
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
Right on ye scud your sea-way;  
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
It makes an unco leeway.

See Social life and Glee sit down,  
All joyous and unthinking,  
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown  
Debauchery and Drinking:  
O, would they stay to calculate  
The eternal consequences;  
Or your mortal dreaded hell to state,  
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,  
Tied up in godly laces,  
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,  
Suppose a change o' cases;  
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,  
A treacherous inclination,—  
But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
Ye 're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;

Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
 To step aside is human.  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving why they do it;  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone  
 Decidedly can try us;  
 He knows each chord,—its various tone,  
 Each spring,—its various bias:  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it;  
 What's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS.

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STONE THE WOMAN, LET THE MAN GO  
 FREE.

YES, stone the woman, let the man go free!  
 Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance may  
 touch  
 Her garment as she passes; but to him  
 Put forth a willing hand to clasp with his  
 That led her to destruction and disgrace.  
 Shut up from her the sacred ways of toil,  
 That she no more may win an honest meal;  
 But ope to him all honorable paths  
 Where he may win distinction; give to him  
 Fair, pressed-down measures of life's sweetest  
 joys.  
 Pass her, O maiden, with a pure, proud face,

If she puts out a poor, polluted palm;  
But lay thy hand in his on bridal day,  
And swear to cling to him with wifely love  
And tender reverence. Trust him who led  
A sister woman to a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman, let the man go free!  
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—  
It is the doctrine of a hurried world,  
Too out of breath for holding balances  
Where nice distinctions and injustices  
Are calmly weighed. But ah, how will it be  
On that strange day of fire and flame,  
When men shall wither with a mystic fear,  
And all shall stand before the one true Judge?  
Shall sex make *then* a difference in sin?  
Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden heart,  
In His eternal and divine decree  
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

ANONYMOUS.

---

### IN PRISON.

God pity the wretched prisoners,  
In their lonely cells to-day!  
Whatever the sins that tripped them,  
God pity them! still I say.

Only a strip of sunshine,  
Cleft by rusty bars;  
Only a patch of azure,  
Only a cluster of stars;

Only a barren future,  
To starve their hope upon;  
Only stinging memories  
Of a past that's better gone;

Only scorn from women,  
Only hate from men,  
Only remorse to whisper  
Of a life that might have been.

Once they were little children,  
And perhaps their unstained feet  
Were led by a gentle mother  
Toward the golden street;

Therefore, if in life's forest  
They since have lost their way,  
For the sake of her who loved them,  
God pity them! still I say.

O mothers gone to heaven!  
With earnest heart I ask  
That your eyes may not look earthward  
On the failure of your task.

For even in those mansions  
The choking tears would rise,  
Though the fairest hand in heaven  
Would wipe them from your eyes!

And you, who judge so harshly,  
Are you sure the stumbling-stone  
That tripped the feet of others  
Might not have bruised your own?



Are you sure the sad-faced angel  
Who writes our errors down  
Will ascribe to you more honor  
Than him on whom you frown?

Or, if a steadier purpose  
Unto your life is given;  
A stronger will to conquer,  
A smoother path to heaven;

If, when temptations meet you,  
You crush them with a smile;  
If you can chain pale passion  
And keep your lips from guile;

Then bless the hand that crowned you,  
Remembering, as you go,  
'T was not your own endeavor  
That shaped your nature so;

And sneer not at the weakness  
Which made a brother fall,  
For the hand that lifts the fallen,  
God loves the best of all!

And pray for the wretched prisoners  
All over the land to-day,  
That a holy hand in pity  
May wipe their guilt away.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

## CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

"GOOD-BYE," I said to my Conscience—  
Good-bye for aye and aye ; "  
And I put her hands off harshly,  
And turned my face away :  
And Conscience, smitten sorely,  
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit  
Grew weary of its pace :  
And I cried, " Come back, my Conscience,  
I long to see thy face ; "  
But Conscience cried, " I cannot,—  
Remorse sits in my place."

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

---

FOUND WANTING.

BELSHAZZAR had a letter,—  
He never had but one ;  
Belshazzar's correspondent  
Concluded and begun  
In that immortal copy  
The conscience of us all  
Can read without its glasses  
On revelation's wall.

EMILY DICKINSON.

## DALLYING WITH TEMPTATION.

FROM THE FIRST PART OF "WALLENSTEIN," ACT III.

SC. 4.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*). Is it possible?  
Is 't so? I *can* no longer what I *would*!  
No longer draw back at my liking! I  
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,  
And fe<sup>l</sup> this heart here with a dream! Because  
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,  
Dallied with thought of possible fulfilment,  
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,  
And only kept the road, the access open!  
By the great God of Heaven! It was not  
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.  
I but amused myself with thinking of it.  
The free-will tempted me, the power to do  
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal  
To make the fancy minister to hope,  
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,  
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?  
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not  
The road of duty clear beside me—but  
One little step and once more I was in it!  
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?  
No road, no track behind one, but a wall,  
Impenetrable, insurmountable,  
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered  
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## EASY TO DRIFT.

EASY to drift to the open sea,  
The tides are eager and swift and strong,  
And whistling and free are the rushing winds,—  
But O, to get back is hard and long.

Easy as told in Arabian tale,  
To free from his jar the evil sprite  
Till he rises like smoke to stupendous size,—  
But O, nevermore can we prison him tight.

Easy as told in an English tale,  
To fashion a Frankenstein, body and soul,  
And breathe in his bosom a breath of life,—  
But O, we create what we cannot control.

Easy to drift to the sea of doubt,  
Easy to hurt what we cannot heal,  
Easy to rouse what we cannot soothe,  
Easy to speak what we do not feel,  
Easy to show what we ought to conceal,  
Easy to think that fancy is fate,—  
And O, the wisdom that comes too late!

OLIVER HUCKEL.

## FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY.

FROM "A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS."

O God! O God! that it were possible  
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!  
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,  
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!  
Or that the sun

Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward,—

Take from the account of time so many minutes,  
Till he had all these seasons called again,  
These minutes and these actions done in them.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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CONSCIENCE.

FROM SATIRE XIII.

THE Spartan rogue who, boldly bent on fraud,  
Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud,  
And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,  
Received for answer from the lips divine,—  
“That he who doubted to restore his trust,  
And reasoned much, reluctant to be just,  
Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove  
The deepest vengeance of the powers above.”  
The tale declares that not pronounced in vain  
Came forth the warning from the sacred fane:  
Ere long no branch of that devoted race  
Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!  
Thus but intended mischief, stayed in time,  
Had all the mortal guilt of finished crime.

If such his fate who yet but darkly dares,  
Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares,  
What were it, done! Ah! now farewell to peace!  
Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!  
Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,  
His tasteless food he indolently turns;  
On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine!  
Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!  
Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now

Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!  
While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,  
If care permit the brief repose at last,  
Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!  
Or darkly shadowed forth in dream confused,  
While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,  
Before him flits thy aggravated form!  
Then as new fears o'er all his senses press,  
Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!  
These, these be they whom secret terrors try,  
When muttered thunders shake the lurid sky;  
Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals  
And now the vivid flash anew reveals.  
No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,  
They deem without an aim no thunders rolled;  
Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought  
Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance  
fraught.

Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear  
And greater dread, each future storm they fear;  
In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,  
In their distempered frame if fever keep,  
Or the pained side their wonted rest prevent,  
Behold some incensed god his bow has bent!  
All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurled  
At bold offenders in this nether world!  
From them no crested cock acceptance meets!  
Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats!  
Can pardoning Heaven on guilty sickness smile?  
Or is there victim than itself more vile?  
Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast,  
Man is a wavering creature at the best!

From the Latin of JUVENAL.

## THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING: GUINEVERE."

THE Queen looked up, and said,  
"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,  
Sing, and unbind my heart, that I may weep."  
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and  
chill!  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light had we: for that we do repent;  
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.  
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light; so late! and dark and chill the  
night!  
O, let us in, that we may find the light!  
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so  
sweet?  
O, let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!  
No, no, too late! Ye cannot enter now."

So sang the novice, while full passionately,  
Her head upon her hands, wept the sad Queen.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## UP HILL.

DOES the road wind up hill all the way?

*Yes, to the very end.*

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

*From morn to night, my friend.*

BUT is there for the night a resting-place?

*A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.*

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

*You cannot miss that inn.*

SHALL I meet other wayfarers at night?

*Those who have gone before.*

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

*They will not keep you standing at that door.*

SHALL I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

*Of labor you shall find the sum.*

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

*Yea, beds for all who come.*

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

---

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

A pleasant road;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me

Aught of its load;



I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
    Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
    Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
    Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter, and though heart  
    should bleed—  
    Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
    Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
    Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
    My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand  
    And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
    Like quiet night:  
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,  
    Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

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#### ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
    Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
    And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
    Lodged with me useless, though my soul more  
    bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide;  
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?”  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need  
Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his  
state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON.

---

THE MARTYRS’ HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
The martyrs’ ashes, watched,  
Shall gathered be at last;  
And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.  
  
The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath;  
And vain is Satan’s boast  
Of victory in their death;  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one availing name.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Translation of W. J. FOX.

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation,  
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,  
No other balm will there be given;  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven,  
Over the silver mountains  
Where spring the nectar fountains:  
There will I kiss  
The bowl of bliss,  
And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill.  
My soul will be a-dry before,  
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparelled fresh like me.  
I'll take them first  
To quench their thirst,  
And taste of nectar's suckets  
At those clear wells  
Where sweetness dwells  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we  
Are filled with immortality,  
Then the blest paths we'll travel,  
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,—  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.  
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl;  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forged accuser, bought or sold,  
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees;  
And when the grand twelve-million jury  
Of our sins, with direful fury,  
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.  
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!  
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,—  
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.  
And this is mine eternal plea  
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
That, since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head:  
Then am I, like a palmer, fit  
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.  
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;  
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:  
To make the music and the beauty, needs  
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;  
Let not the music that is in us die!  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!  
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;  
Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR.

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## THE FAITHFUL ANGEL.

FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK V.

THE seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he  
passed,

Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained

Superior, nor of violence feared aught;

And with retorted scorn his back he turned

On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.

MILTON.

---

### LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir

And disappointed strife,

All chafing, unsuccessful things,

Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,

And sameness doubles cares,

While one unbroken chain of work

The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke:

The streets resound with noise;

And the soul sinks to see its peers

Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;

Kind welcomes to be had;

And yet my spirit is alone,

Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain

Be quit of my long part;

The burden of unquiet life

Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work  
As thou hast done before;  
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,  
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought  
Without or praise or prayer,  
Gives light to know, and life to do,  
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,  
Unto a heart unstrung,  
Like sweet bells at the evening time,  
Most musically rung.

'T is not his justice or his power,  
Beauty or blest abode,  
But the mere unexpanded thought  
Of the eternal God.

It is not of his wondrous works,  
Not even that he is;  
Words fail it, but it is a thought  
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought, lie 'closer to my heart!  
That I may feel thee near,  
As one who for his weapon feels  
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,  
When sadness makes us lowly,  
As though thou wert the echo sweet  
Of humble melancholy.

I bless thee, Lord, for this kind check  
To spirits over free!

More helpless need of thee!  
And for all things that make me feel

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

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### I SAW THEE.

“When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee.”

I saw thee when, as twilight fell,  
And evening lit her fairest star,  
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,  
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,  
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung.  
Thy still retreat to all unknown,  
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound  
Of bleating flock or woodland bird,  
Kneeling, as if on holy ground,  
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,  
And marked the heaving of thy breast,  
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs  
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face  
Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,  
As if, within, celestial grace  
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.



I saw—what thou didst not—above  
Thy lowly head an open heaven;  
And tokens of thy Father's love  
With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot  
With firm and peaceful soul depart;  
I, Jesus, saw thee,—doubt it not,—  
And read the secrets of thy heart!

RAY PALMER.

---

LOSSE IN DELAYES.

SHUN delayes, they breed remorse,  
Take thy time while time doth serve thee,  
Creeping snayles have weakest force,  
Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.  
Good is best when soonest wrought,  
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoyse up sayle while gale doth last,  
Tide and winde stay no man's pleasure;  
Seek not time when time is past,  
Sober speede is wisdom's leasure.  
After-wits are dearely bought,  
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,  
Take thou hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies, he turnes no more,  
And behind his scalpe is naked.  
Workes adjourned have many staves,  
Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,  
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing;  
After-cures are seldome seene,  
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.  
Time and place gives best advice.  
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,  
Breake ill eggs ere they be hatchèd:  
Kill bad chickens in the tread;  
Fledged, they hardly can be catchèd:  
In the rising stife ill,  
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,  
Not by force, but often falling;  
Custome kills with feeble dint.  
More by use than strength prevailing:  
Single sands have little weight,  
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,  
Agèd trees do breake with bending;  
Young desires make little prease,  
Growth doth make them past amending.  
Happie man that soon doth knocke,  
Babel's babes against the rocke.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

## THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

DEAR, secret greenness! nurst below  
    Tempests and winds and winter nights!  
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow;  
    That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright  
    Within itself, an outward test?  
Who breaks his glass, to take more light,  
    Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
    At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;  
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch  
    Till the white-winged reapers come!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

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## PATIENCE.

SHE hath no beauty in her face  
    Unless the chastened sweetness there,  
And meek long-suffering, yield a grace  
    To make her mournful features fair:—

Shunned by the gay, the proud, the young,  
    She roams through dim, unsheltered ways;  
Nor lover's vow, nor flatterer's tongue  
    Brings music to her sombre days:—

At best her skies are clouded o'er,  
And oft she fronts the stinging sleet,  
Or feels on some tempestuous shore  
The storm-waves lash her naked feet.

Where'er she strays, or musing stands  
By lonesome beach, by turbulent mart,  
We see her pale, half-tremulous hands  
Crossed humbly o'er her aching heart!

Within, a secret pain she bears,—  
A pain too deep to feel the balm  
An April spirit finds in tears;  
Alas! all cureless griefs are calm!

Yet in her passionate strength supreme,  
Despair beyond her pathway flies,  
Awed by the softly steadfast beam  
Of sad, but heaven-enamored eyes!

Who pause to greet her, vaguely seem  
Touched by fine wafts of holier air;  
As those who in some mystic dream  
Talk with the angels unaware!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

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### SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been  
learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have  
spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes  
wet,

Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seems reproof was love most  
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,  
Because his wisdom to the end could see.  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened  
breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest bloom his love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyces of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

MAY RILEY SMITH.

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### FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE!

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,  
Alike they 're needful for the flower;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love?  
Creator, I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to thee:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine;  
Enough that thou hast made it mine;  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing with parting breath:  
As comes to me or shade or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

## VI.

### DEATH: IMMORTALITY: HEAVEN.

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#### THE PROSPECT.

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,  
Leaning their faces on the window-pane  
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's  
stain,  
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;  
And, thus, alas! since God the maker drew  
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,—  
The life beyond us and our souls in pain,—  
We miss the prospect which we are called unto  
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,  
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,  
And keep thy soul's large windows pure from  
wrong;  
That so, as life's appointment issueth,  
Thy vision may be clear to watch along  
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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#### THE LOST PLEIAD.

Not in the sky,  
Where it was seen,  
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,  
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—

Though green,  
And beautiful, its caves of mystery;—  
Shall the bright watcher have  
A place, and as of old high station keep.

Gone, gone!  
Oh, never more to cheer  
The mariner who holds his course alone  
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,  
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,  
Shall it appear,  
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,  
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

Vain, vain!  
Hopeless most idly then, shall he look forth,  
That mariner from his bark.  
Howe'er the north  
Does raise his certain lamp, when tempests  
lower—  
He sees no more that perished light again!  
And gloomier grows the hour  
Which may not, through the thick and crowding  
dark,  
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd of Chaldea's hills  
Tending his flocks,—  
And wonders the rich beacon does not blaze,  
Gladdening his gaze;—  
And from his dreary watch along the rocks,  
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways!  
Still wondering as the drowsy silence fills



The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils  
Its leaden dews.—How chafes he at the night,  
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,  
So natural to his sight!

And lone,  
Where its first splendors shone,  
Shall be that pleasant company of stars:  
How should they know that death  
Such perfect beauty mars?  
And like the earth, its crimson bloom and breath;  
Fallen from on high,  
Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die!—  
All their concerted springs of harmony  
Snapped rudely, and the generous music gone.

A strain—a mellow strain—  
A wailing sweetness filled the sky;  
The stars, lamenting in unborrowed pain,  
That one of their selectest ones must die!  
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!  
Alas! 't is evermore our destiny,  
The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost;  
The flower first budden, soonest feels the frost:  
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest?  
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,  
Look they not ever brightest when they fly  
The desolate home they blessed?

WILLIAM GILMORE

## PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell  
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,  
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell  
That he winds, on the beach, so mellow and  
clear,  
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the  
deep,  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he his notes as silvery quite,  
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the shore?  
Hark! the notes on my ear that play  
Are set to words; as they float, they say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,  
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;  
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,  
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,  
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime  
That told of the flow of the stream of time.  
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,  
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung  
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing);  
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,  
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told  
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow;  
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,  
Seemed to point to the girl below.  
And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours  
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,  
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung  
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung  
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,  
That told me she soon was to be a bride;  
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,  
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade  
Of thought or care stole softly over,  
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,  
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.  
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush  
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;  
And the light in her eye, and the light on the  
wheels,  
That marched so calmly round above her,  
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals  
Upon noon's hot face. Yet one couldn't but  
love her,  
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay  
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;  
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!  
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;

Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,  
 Yet just as busily swung she on;  
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;  
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust:  
 The hands, that over the dial swept,  
 Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept  
 And still there came that silver tone  
 From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone  
 (Let me never forget till my dying day  
 The tone or the burden of her lay),  
 "Passing away! passing away!"

JOHN PIERPONT.

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### LINES

FOUND IN HIS BIBLE IN THE GATE-HOUSE AT  
 WESTMINSTER.

E'EN such is time; that takes in trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with earth and dust;  
 Who in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days:  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

“But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.”—HEBREWS xi. 16.

I’M far frae my hame, an’ I’m weary aften-  
whiles,  
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an’ my  
Father’s welcome smiles;  
I’ll never be fu’ content, until mine een do see  
The shining gates o’ heaven an’ my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi’ flowers, mony-tinted, fresh,  
an’ gay,  
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made  
them sae;  
But these sights an’ these soun’s will as naething  
be to me,  
When I hear the angels singing in my ain coun-  
tree.

I’ve his gude word of promise that some glad-  
some day, the King  
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will  
bring:  
Wi’ een an’ wi’ hearts runnin’ owre, we shall see  
The King in his beauty in our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an’ my sorrows hae been  
sair,  
But there they’ll never vex me, nor be remem-  
bered mair;  
IV—23

His bluid has made me white, his hand shall dry  
mine e'e,  
When he brings me hame at last, to my ain coun-  
tree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its  
nest,  
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's  
breast;  
For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless  
lambs like me,  
And carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely  
come again,  
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna  
ken;  
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as  
I wait,  
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the shin-  
ing gate;  
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to  
me,  
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain  
countree.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

COMING.

“ At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.”—MARK xiii. 35.

“ It may be in the evening,  
    When the work of the day is done,  
And you have time to sit in the twilight  
    And watch the sinking sun,  
While the long bright day dies slowly  
    Over the sea,  
And the hour grows quiet and holy  
    With thoughts of me;  
While you hear the village children  
    Passing along the street,  
Among those thronging footsteps  
    May come the sound of *my* feet.  
Therefore I tell you: Watch  
    By the light of the evening star,  
When the room is growing dusky  
    As the clouds afar;  
Let the door be on the latch  
    In your home,  
For it may be through the gloaming  
    I will come.

“ It may be when the midnight  
    Is heavy upon the land,  
And the black waves lying dumbly  
    Along the sand;  
When the moonless night draws close,  
And the lights are out in the house;

When the fires burn low and red,  
And the watch is ticking loudly  
Beside the bed:  
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,  
Still your heart must wake and watch  
In the dark room,  
For it may be that at midnight  
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,  
When the night is dying slowly  
In the sky,  
And the sea looks calm and holy,  
Waiting for the dawn  
Of the golden sun  
Which draweth nigh;  
When the mists are on the valleys, shading  
The rivers chill,  
And my morning-star is fading, fading  
Over the hill:  
Behold I say unto you: Watch;  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home;  
In the chill before the dawning,  
Between the night and morning,  
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,  
When the sun is bright and strong,  
And the dew is glittering sharply  
Over the little lawn;  
When the waves are laughing loudly  
Along the shore,



And the little birds are singing sweetly  
About the door;  
With the long day's work before you,  
You rise up with the sun,  
And the neighbors come in to talk a little  
Of all that must be done.  
But remember that *I* may be the next  
To come in at the door,  
To call you from all your busy work  
Forevermore:  
As you work your heart must watch,  
For the door is on the latch  
In your room,  
And it may be in the morning  
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,  
By the path that leads to the sea,  
Till he came to the turn of the little road  
Where the birch and laburnum tree  
Lean over and arch the way;  
There I saw him a moment stay,  
And turn once more to me,  
As I wept at the cottage door,  
And lift up his hands in blessing—  
Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,  
Leaning against the wall,  
Not heeding the fair white roses,  
Though I crushed them and let them fall.  
Only looking down the pathway,  
And looking toward the sea,

And wondering, and wondering  
When he would come back for me;  
Till I was aware of an angel  
Who was going swiftly by,  
With the gladness of one who goeth  
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage  
Toward the garden gate;  
(I suppose he was come down  
At the setting of the sun  
To comfort some one in the village  
Whose dwelling was desolate)  
And he paused before the door  
Beside my place,  
And the likeness of a smile  
Was on his face.

"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given  
To watch for the coming of his feet  
Who is the glory of our blessèd heaven;  
The work and watching will be very sweet,  
Even in an earthly home;  
And in such an hour as you think not  
He will come."

So I am watching quietly  
Every day.

Whenever the sun shines brightly,  
I rise and say:

"Surely it is the shining of his face!"  
And look unto the gates of his high place  
Beyond the sea;  
For I know he is coming shortly  
To summon me.

And when a shadow falls across the window  
Of my room,  
Where I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask  
If he is come;  
And the angel answers sweetly  
In my home:  
“Only a few more shadows,  
And he will come.”

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

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### EUTHANASIA.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye  
Life's autumn scenes grow dim;  
When evening's shadows veil the sky,  
And pleasure's siren hymn  
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,  
Like echoes from another sphere,  
Or dreams of seraphim—  
It were not sad to cast away  
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart  
Grow passionless and cold;  
To feel those longings to depart  
That cheered the good of old;  
To clasp the faith which looks on high,  
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,  
And makes the curtain-fold  
That falls upon his wasting breast,  
The door that leads to endless rest.

It seems not lonely thus to lie  
On that triumphant bed,  
Till the pure spirit mounts on high  
By white-winged seraphs led:  
Where glories, earth may never know,  
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,  
In peerless lustre shed.  
It were not lonely thus to soar  
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal  
Lies through the clouded tomb,  
If on the free, unfettered soul  
There rest no stains of gloom,  
How should its aspirations rise  
Far through the blue unpillared skies,  
Up to its final home,  
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,  
Where streams of living waters run!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

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#### THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of time!  
I saw the last of human mould  
That shall creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The skeletons of nations were  
    Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands,  
    In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
    To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
    With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,  
    As if a storm passed by,  
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
    'T is Mercy bids thee go;  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
    That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
    His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth  
    The vassals of his will?  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim, discrownèd king of day;  
    For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
    Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again :  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,  
The majesty of darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death!

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up  
On Nature's awful waste  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste,—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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WHEN.

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,  
That the next sun  
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and  
sorrow  
For any one,  
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,  
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,  
But just go on,  
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter  
Aught that is gone;  
But rise and move and love and smile and pray  
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,  
Say in that ear  
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping  
How should I fear?"

And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,  
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,  
My soul would lie  
All the night long; and when the morning splen-  
dor  
Flushed o'er the sky,  
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,  
"It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder  
Held out a scroll,  
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder  
Beheld unroll  
To a long century's end its mystic clew,  
What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessèd Guide and Master,  
Other than this;  
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,  
Nor fear to miss  
The road, although so very long it be,  
While led by thee?

Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,  
Although unseen,  
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tem-  
pest hide thee,  
Or heavens serene,  
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,  
Thy love decay.



I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth  
Thy counsels wise;  
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,  
No voice replies  
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;  
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing  
Thy will always,  
Through a long century's ripening fruition  
Or a short day's;  
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait  
If thou come late.

SARAH WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

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#### BURIAL OF MOSES.

“And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab,  
over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his  
sepulchre unto this day.”—DEUTERONOMY xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
But no man built that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
Yet no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth:

Noiselessly as daylight  
Comes back when night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Unfold their thousand leaves:  
So without sound of music  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height  
Out of his rocky eyry  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallowed spot;  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades of the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car:  
They show the banners taken;  
They tell his battles won;  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,

And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marbles drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his glorious pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—  
The hillside for a pall!  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall!  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—  
Before the judgment-day,  
And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still:  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell,  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

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### THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,  
To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
The shadows of celestial light,  
Are past the power of human skill;  
But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own my power,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee  
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,  
Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
Shake off the melancholy chain,  
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,  
I'll thank the inflicter of the blow;  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light,  
Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

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“ONLY WAITING.”

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, “Only waiting.”]

ONLY waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown;  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart, once full of day;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home,  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly  
The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate.  
Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices far away;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown.  
Then from out the gathered darkness,  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

“Blessed are they who are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father’s house.”—HEINRICH STILLING.

Not as you meant, O learnèd man, and good!

Do I accept thy words of truth and rest;

God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,  
And gives me what I need, not what he could,

Nor always as I would!

I shall go to the Father’s house, and see

Him and the Elder Brother face to face,—

What day or hour I know not. Let me be

Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,

Not as a homesick child who all day long

Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,

And leaves us our appointed work to do,

Can we to him or to ourselves be true

In mourning his departure day by day,

And so our work delay?

Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make

The absence brief by doing well our task,—

Not for ourselves, but for the dear One’s sake.

And at his coming only of him ask

Approval of the work, which most was done,

Not for ourselves, but our Belovèd One.

Our Father’s house, I know, is broad and grand;

In it how many, many mansions are!

And, far beyond the light of sun or star,

Four little ones of mine through that fair land

Are walking hand in hand!

Think you I love not, or that I forget  
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,  
And I am singing while my eyes are wet  
With weeping in this balmy summer air :  
Yet I 'm not homesick, and the children *here*  
Have need of me, and so my way is clear.

I would be joyful as my days go by,  
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore  
Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore,  
And I who wait his coming, shall not I  
On his sure word rely?  
And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,  
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,  
Or at my waking I would only weep,  
Let me remember these are things to be,  
To work his blessèd will until he comes  
To take my hand, and lead me safely home.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

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#### SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count  
The moments flying;  
Come, tell the sweet amount  
That 's lost by sighing!  
How many smiles?—a score?  
Then laugh, and count no more;  
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,  
And no more measure  
The flight of time, nor weep  
The loss of leisure;



But here, by this lone stream,  
Lie down with us, and dream  
Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same;  
We love,—forever;  
We laugh, yet few we shame,—  
The gentle never.  
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;  
Then—hope and happy skies  
Are thine forever!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.  
(*Barry Cornwall.*)

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### IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

“Urit me Patriæ decor.”

It kindles all my soul,  
My country's loveliness! Those starry choirs  
That watch around the pole,  
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires  
Through golden halls that roll.  
O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn  
The music of the spheres  
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn  
To rest till day appears!  
Me, for celestial homes of glory born,  
Why here, O, why so long,  
Do ye behold an exile from on high?  
Here, O ye shining throng,  
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie:  
Here let me drop my chain,

And dust to dust returning, cast away  
The trammels that remain;  
The rest of me shall spring to endless day!

From the Latin of CASIMIR OF POLAND.

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## EPILOGUE.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,  
When you set your fancies free,  
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think,  
imprisoned—  
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you  
loved so,  
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!  
What had I on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the un-  
manly?  
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless did I drivel  
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast  
forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong  
would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-  
time  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either  
should be,  
“Strive and thrive!” cry “Speed,—fight on, fare  
ever  
There as here!”

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,  
  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless  
deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS  
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove and  
    stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
    To me did seem  
    Apparelled in celestial light,—  
The glory and the freshness of the dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore :  
    Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
    By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no  
    more.

II.

    The rainbow comes and goes,  
    And lovely is the rose;  
    The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
    Waters on a starry night  
    Are beautiful and fair;  
    The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
    But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the  
    earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the  
steep,—  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity;  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday;—  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou  
happy shepherd boy!

## IV.

Ye blessèd creatures! I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,—  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.  
O evil day! if I were sullen  
While Earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May morning,  
And the children are culling,

On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;—  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!—  
But there's a tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have looked upon,—  
Both of them speak of something that is gone;  
The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat.  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy;  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farthest from the east  
Must travel, still is nature's priest  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended:  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And even with something of a mother's mind,  
    And no unworthy aim,  
    The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
    Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,—  
A six years' darling of a pygmy size!  
See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly learned art,—  
    A wedding or a festival,  
    A mourning or a funeral;—  
    And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song:  
    Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
    But it will not be long  
    Ere this be thrown aside,  
    And with new joy and pride  
The little actor cons another part,—  
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"



With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity!  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted forever by the eternal mind!—  
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do rest  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
Thou over whom thy immortality  
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by;  
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live;  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,  
For that which is most worthy to be blest,—  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his  
breast:—

Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,—

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Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!  
We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May!  
What though the radiance which was once so  
bright  
Be now forever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which, having been, must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
     Is lovely yet;  
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,—  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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### SOLILOQUY: ON IMMORTALITY.

FROM "CATO," ACT V. SC. 1.

SCENE.—CATO, *sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand, and a drawn sword on the table by him.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes, must we  
     pass!

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The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us  
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when? or where? This world was made for  
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.

*(Laying his hand on his sword.)*

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me:  
This in a moment brings me to an end;  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

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EDWIN AND PAULINUS:

THE CONVERSION OF NORTHUMBRIA.

THE black-haired gaunt Paulinus

By ruddy Edwin stood:—

“Bow down, O king of Deira,

Before the blessèd Rood!

Cast out thy heathen idols,  
And worship Christ our Lord.”  
—But Edwin looked and pondered,  
And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus  
To ruddy Edwin spake:  
“God offers life immortal  
For his dear Son’s own sake!  
Wilt thou not hear his message,  
Who bears the keys and sword?”  
—But Edwin looked and pondered,  
And answered not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior  
Was fivescore winters old;  
Whose beard from chin to girdle  
Like one long snow-wreath rolled:—  
“At Yule-time in our chamber  
We sit in warmth and light,  
While cold and howling round us  
Lies the black land of Night.

“Athwart the room a sparrow  
Darts from the open door:  
Within the happy hearth-light  
One red flash,—and no more!  
We see it come from darkness,  
And into darkness go:—  
So is our life, King Edwin!  
Alas, that it is so!

“But if this pale Paulinus  
Have somewhat more to tell;

Some news of Whence and Whither,  
And where the soul will dwell;—  
If on that outer darkness  
The sun of hope may shine;—  
He makes life worth the living!  
I take his God for mine!”

So spake the wise old warrior;  
And all about him cried,  
“Paulinus’ God hath conquered!  
And he shall be our guide:—  
For he makes life worth living  
Who brings this message plain,  
When our brief days are over,  
That we shall live again.”

ANONYMOUS.

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### THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know  
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
Where lie those happier hills and meadows  
low;  
Ah! if beyond the spirit’s inmost cavil  
Aught of that country could we surely know,  
Who would not go?

Might we but hear  
The hovering angels’ high imagined chorus,  
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear  
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—  
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,  
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who would endure?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

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### SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

“ Das stille Land.”

Into the Silent Land!  
Ah, who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions  
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and  
band!  
Who in life's battle firm doth stand  
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted



Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS.  
Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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### THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,—  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;  
Amid our worldly cares  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitates the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—  
They have no power to break;  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,  
So near to press they seem,—  
They seem to lull us to our rest,  
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring  
'T is easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,  
Rapt in a trance of bliss,  
And gently dream in loving arms  
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarce asking where we are,  
To feel all evil sink away,  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side,  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
A dried and vanished stream;  
Your joy be the reality,  
Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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HEAVEN.

I NEVER saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea;  
Yet know I how the heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

I never spake with God,  
Nor visited in heaven;  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the chart were given.

EMILY DICKINSON.

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THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HIGH thoughts!

They come and go,

Like the soft breathings of a listening  
maiden,

While round me flow

The winds, from woods and fields with glad-  
ness laden :

When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—

When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—

When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,

Watch over all with soft and loving eye—

While the leaves quiver

By the lone river,

And the quiet heart

From depths doth call

And garner all—

Earth grows a shadow

Forgotten whole,

And heaven lives

In the blessèd soul!

High thoughts

They are with me

When, deep within the bosom of the forest,

Thy mourning melody

Abroad into the sky, thou, throistle! pour-  
est.

When the young sunbeams glance among the  
trees—

When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—

When every branch has its own favorite bird

And songs of summer from each thicket heard!—

Where the owl flitteth,

Where the roe sitteth,

And holiness

Seems sleeping there;

While nature's prayer

Goes up to heaven

In purity,

Till all is glory

And joy to me!

High thoughts!

They are my own

When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,

And see below me strown

The huts and homes where humble virtues  
blossom;

When I can trace each streamlet through the  
meadow,

When I can follow every fitful shadow—

When I can watch the winds among the corn,

And see the waves along the forest borne;

Where blue-bell and heather

Are blooming together,

And far doth come

The Sabbath bell,

O'er wood and fell;

I hear the beating  
Of nature's heart:  
Heaven is before me—  
God! thou art.

High thoughts!

They visit us

In moments when the soul is dim and dark-  
ened;

They come to bless,

After the vanities to which we hearkened:  
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—  
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—  
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sun-  
shine,

A wingèd thought which bids us not repine?

In joy and gladness,

In mirth and sadness,

Come signs and tokens;

Life's angel brings,

Upon its wings,

Those bright communings

The soul doth keep—

Those thoughts of heaven

So pure and deep!

ROBERT NICOLL.

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### NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought

Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I am nearer home to-day

Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abysm:  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;  
Let my spirit feel in death,  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith!

PHOEBE CARY.

MEETING ABOVE.

IF yon bright stars which gem the night  
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere  
Where kindred spirits reunite  
Whom death hath torn asunder here,—  
How sweet it were at once to die,  
To leave this blighted orb afar!  
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,  
And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,  
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
If, wandering through each radiant one,  
We failed to meet the loved of this!  
If there no more the ties shall twine  
Which death's cold hand alone could sever,  
Ah, would those stars in mockery shine,  
More joyless, as they shine forever!

It cannot be,—each hope, each fear  
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,  
Proclaims there is a happier sphere  
Than this bleak world that holds us now.  
There, Lord, thy wayworn saints shall find  
The bliss for which they longed before;  
And holiest sympathies shall bind  
Thine own to thee forevermore.

O Jesus, bring us to that rest,  
Where all the ransomed shall be found,  
In thine eternal fulness blest,  
While ages roll their cycles round.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

## MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD.

My days among the dead are passed;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
I live in long-past years;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity:  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps  
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;  
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?  
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were  
given;  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing  
wind,  
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,  
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,  
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,  
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the  
scroll;  
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same belovèd name,  
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the  
same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—  
The wisdom which is love—till I become  
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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### HEAVEN.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours;  
All, all is brightness there;  
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,  
And a benigner air.  
No calm below is like that calm above,  
No region here is like that realm of love;  
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,  
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,  
    Tinged with earth's change and care;  
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers;  
    No broken sunshine there:  
One everlasting stretch of azure pours  
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores;  
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,  
And Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

The dwellers there are not like those of earth,—  
    No mortal stain they bear,—  
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth;  
    Whence and how came they there?  
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,  
Through tribulation, they to glory came;  
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,  
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

Yon robes of theirs are not like those below;  
    No angel's half so bright;  
Whence came that beauty, whence that living  
    glow,  
    And whence that radiant white?  
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,  
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became;  
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,  
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,  
Through all the nightless day of that unfading  
    sky!

ANONYMOUS.

## THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,  
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;

Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering  
shore.

Ah, truly breathed we there

Intoxicating air—

Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of  
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath

Whose love has yielded since to change or death;

The mother kissed her child, whose days are  
o'er.

Alas! too soon have fled

The irreclaimable dead:

We see them—visions strange—amid the  
Nevermore.

The merry some maiden used to sing—

The brown, brown hair that once was wont to  
cling

To temples long clay-cold: to the very core

They strike our weary hearts,

As some vexed memory starts

From that long faded land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here

Sadly may we remember rivers clear,

And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.

For brighter bells and bluer,  
For tenderer hearts and truer  
People that happy land—the realm of  
Evermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land  
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand:  
What realm lies forward, with its happier  
store  
Of forests green and deep,  
Of valleys hushed in sleep,  
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land of  
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—  
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—  
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar;  
Yet does the turbulent surge  
Howl on its very verge,  
One moment—and we breathe within the  
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago  
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—  
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet  
carollings soar.  
Eternal peace have they;  
God wipes their tears away:  
They drink that river of life which flows from  
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,  
But, lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim

Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore  
Our lightened hearts shall know  
The life of long ago:  
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for  
Evermore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

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### THE ANSWER.

“WHO would not go”

With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed portal,  
Which opens to the land we long to know?  
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,  
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe  
In resting so?

“Ah, who would fear?”

Since, sometimes through the distant pearly portal,  
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,  
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,  
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,  
Breathing good cheer!

“Who would endure”

To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,  
When he whose tender promises are sure—  
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living—  
Keeps us those “mansions” evermore secure  
By waters pure?

Oh, wondrous land!

Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming:

"Eye hath not seen," no heart can understand  
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance  
streaming.

How longingly we wait our Lord's command—  
His opening hand!

O dear ones there!  
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway  
lonely,

We come, erelong, your blessèd home to share;  
We take the guiding hand, we trust it only—  
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air,  
That land so fair!

ANONYMOUS.

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FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

FOREVER with the Lord!  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease;  
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive him not.

In darkness as in light,  
Hidden alike from view.  
I sleep, I wake, as in his sight  
Who looks all nature through.

All that I am, have been,  
All that I yet may be,  
He sees at once, as he hath seen,  
And shall forever see.



“Forever with the Lord;”  
Father, if 't is thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
Unto thy child fulfil!

So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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TO HEAVEN APPROACHED A SUFI  
SAINT.

To heaven approached a Sufi Saint,  
From groping in the darkness late,  
And, tapping timidly and faint,  
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, “Who seeks to enter here?”  
“'T is I, dear Friend,” the Saint replied,  
And trembling much with hope and fear.  
“If it be *thou*, without abide.”

Sadly to earth the poor Saint turned,  
To bear the scourging of life's rods;  
But aye his heart within him yearned  
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,  
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,  
Until from faith's pure fires and tears  
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"

"It is thyself, belovèd Lord,"

Answered the Saint, in doubt no more,

But clasped and rapt in his reward.

From the Persian of JALLAL-AD-DIN RUMI.

Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

## MATTER AND MAN IMMORTAL.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS," NIGHT VI.

As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend:

Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,

Nature revolves, but man advances; both

Eternal, that a circle, this a line.

That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,

Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends,

Zeal and humility her wings, to Heaven.

The world of matter, with its various forms,

All dies into new life. Life born from death

Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.

No single atom, once in being, lost,

With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?

Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?

Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,

No resurrection know? Shall man alone,

Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,

Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?

Look Nature through, 't is neat gradation all.

By what minute degrees her scale ascends!

Each middle nature joined at each extreme,  
To that above is joined, to that beneath;  
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,  
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!  
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;  
Half-life, half-death, joined there; here life and  
sense;

There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;  
Reason shines out in man. But how preserved  
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms  
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss  
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make  
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,  
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man  
Eternal; or in man the series ends.  
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;  
Checked Reason halts; her next step wants sup-  
port;  
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

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### LIFE.

FROM "FESTUS," SCENE "A COUNTRY TOWN."

FESTUS.— Oh! there is  
A life to come, or all's a dream.

LUCIFER.— And all  
May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,  
Clear, moving, full of speech and order; then  
Why may not all this world be but a dream  
Of God's? Fear not! Some morning God may  
waken.

FESTUS.—I would it were. This life's a mystery.

The value of a thought cannot be told;  
 But it is clearly worth a thousand lives  
 Like many men's. And yet men love to live  
 As if mere life were worth their living for.  
 What but perdition will it be to most?  
 Life's more than breath and the quick round of  
 blood;

It is a great spirit and a busy heart.  
 The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.  
 One generous feeling—one great thought—one  
 deed

Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem  
 Than if each year might number a thousand days,  
 Spent as is this by nations of mankind.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not  
 breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most  
 lives

Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the  
 best.

Life's but a means unto an end—that end  
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

#### HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribèd treasure  
 Of an eternal pleasure!  
 Thy throne is seated far  
 Above the highest star,

Where thou preparest a glorious place,  
Within the brightness of thy face,  
For every spirit  
To inherit  
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,  
And loves thee with a holy charity.  
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes  
Clear as the morning rise,  
Can speak, or think, or see  
That bright eternity,  
Where the great King's transparent throne  
Is of an entire jasper stone?  
There the eye  
O' the chrysolite,  
And a sky  
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,—  
And above all thy holy face,—  
Makes an eternal charity.  
When thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day  
Remember us, we pray,—  
That where the beryl lies,  
And the crystal 'bove the skies,  
There thou mayest appoint us place  
Within the brightness of thy face,—  
And our soul  
In the scroll  
Of life and blissfulness enroll,  
That we may praise thee to eternity. Allelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,  
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;  
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,  
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.  
In finding thee are all things round us found;  
In losing thee are all things lost beside;  
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;  
And to our eyes the vision is denied.  
We wander in the country far remote,  
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;  
Or on the records of past greatness dote,  
And for a buried soul the living sell;  
While on our path bewildered falls the night  
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

---

HEAVEN.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,  
Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
Where love becomes immortal;

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal;  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may know how sweet its balmy air,  
How bright and fair its flowers;

We may not hear the songs that echo there,  
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision,  
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky  
A fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,  
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!  
Father, all-wise, eternal!  
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine  
Into those pastures vernal!

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

---

TELL ME, 'YE WINGÈD WINDS.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,

Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?  
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity as it answered,—“No.”

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs,—  
Where sorrow never lives,  
And friendship never dies?  
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,  
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer,—  
“No.”

And thou, serenest moon,  
That, with such lovely face,  
Dost look upon the earth,  
Asleep in night's embrace;  
Tell me, in all thy round  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where miserable man  
May find a happier lot?  
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—“No.”

Tell me, my secret soul,  
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting-place  
From sorrow, sin, and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be blest,



Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest?  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals  
given,  
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—  
“ Yes, in heaven ! ”

CHARLES MACKAY.

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### HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

---

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry,  
All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,  
And (O my soul awake!)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of peace—  
The rose that cannot wither—  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;  
For none can thee secure,  
But one who never changes—  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

STAR-MIST.

FROM "STARS."

MORE and more stars! behold yon hazy arch  
Spanning the vault on high,  
By planets traversed in majestic march,  
Seeming to earth's dull eye  
A breath of gleaming air: but take thou wing  
Of Faith and upward spring:—  
Into a thousand stars the misty light  
Will part; each star a world with its own day and  
night.

Not otherwise of yonder Saintly host  
Upon the glorious shore  
Deem thou. He marks them all, not one is lost;  
By name He counts them o'er.  
Full many a soul, to man's dim praise unknown,  
May on its glory throne  
As brightly shine, and prove as strong in prayer  
As theirs, whose separate beams shoot keenest  
thro' this air.

JOHN KEBLE.

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THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

FROM "THE FAËRIE QUEENE," BOOK II. CANTO 8.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is:—else much more wretched were the  
case

Of men than beasts: but O the exceeding grace  
Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,  
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that succour want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,  
Against fowle feedes to ayd us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us  
plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward;  
O, why should heavenly God to men have such  
regard!

EDMUND SPENSER.

---

SAINT AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon:  
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:  
May my soul follow soon!  
The shadows of the convent-towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord:  
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snow-drop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,  
    To yonder shining ground;  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
    To yonder argent round;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
    My spirit before Thee;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
    To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,  
    Through all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
    In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;  
    The flashes come and go;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
    And strows her lights below,  
And deepens on and up! the gates  
    Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
    To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbath of Eternity,  
    One sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea—  
    The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## PRAISE OF THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

[The poem *De Contemptu Mundi* was written by Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluni. The translation following is of a portion of the poem distinguished by the sub-title "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis."]

THE world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late;  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate,—  
The Judge that comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.  
When the just and gentle Monarch  
Shall summon from the tomb,  
Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
For Man, the God, shall doom!

Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead,—  
To the light that hath no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten  
Shall render up once more  
The kingdom to the Father,  
Whose own it was before,

Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!  
Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion!  
O Paradise of Joy,  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy!  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall;  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;

His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise :  
" Jesus, the gem of Beauty,  
True God and Man," they sing,  
" The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring ;  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of his Court ;  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port ! "

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower ;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower !

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile ;  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl thine own ;  
The Lamb is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone.  
The Crown is he to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And he himself the Mansion,  
And he the Architect.



The only art thou needest—  
    Thanksgiving for thy lot;  
The only joy thou seekest—  
    The Life where Death is not.  
And all thine endless leisure,  
    In sweetest accents, sings  
The ill that was thy merit,  
    The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,  
    With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
    Sink heart and voice oppressed.  
I know not, O I know not,  
    What social joys are there!  
What radiancy of glory,  
    What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them,  
    My spirit fails and faints;  
And vainly would it image  
    The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Zion,  
    Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
    And all the martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
    The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the Blessèd  
    Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,  
    And there, from care released,

The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn!  
O sacred, sweet reflection,  
And peace of Seraphim!  
O thirst, forever ardent,  
Yet evermore content!  
O true peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent!  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim;  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter—  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!  
The glory of the Elect!  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect!  
Even now by faith I see thee,  
Even here thy walls discern;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory,  
In me is all my woe;  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise!  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device!  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart;  
And none, O peace, O Zion,  
Can sing thee as thou art!

New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite!  
Thou City of the Angels!  
Thou City of the Lord!  
Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord!

And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelvefold chorus  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes.  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,

The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is Lord in regal state,—  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.  
O fields that know no sorrow!  
O state that fears no strife!  
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!  
O realm and home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore!  
I ask not for my merit,  
I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I;  
But yet with faith I venture  
And hope upon my way;  
For those perennial guerdons  
I labor night and day.

The best and dearest Father,  
Who made me and who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement,  
And from defilement laved, .  
When in his strength I struggle,  
For very joy I leap,  
When in my sin I totter,  
I weep, or try to weep:

Then grace, sweet grace celestial,  
Shall all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Zion!  
O lovelier far than gold,  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold!  
O sweet and blessèd Country,  
Shall I ever see thy face?  
O sweet and blessèd Country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace?  
I have the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless!  
Shall I ever win the prize itself?  
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult! O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, his forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, his forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

From the Latin of BERNARD DE MORLAIX.  
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

## THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY  
COUNTRY.

" Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,  
Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end—  
Thy joys when shall I see?  
O happy harbor of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrows can be found—  
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,  
No hurt, nor any sore;  
There is no death nor ugly night,  
But life for evermore.  
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,  
No cloud nor darksome night,  
But every soul shines as the sun—  
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
There envy bears no sway;  
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
But pleasures every way.  
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Would God I were in thee!  
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving griefs,  
No woful night is there;  
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—  
No well-away, no fear.

Jerusalem the city is  
Of God our king alone;  
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,  
Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem  
With speed may go behold!  
For why? the pleasures there abound  
Which here cannot be told.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine—  
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,  
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,  
Thy windows crystal clear,  
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—  
There angels do appear.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond square,  
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—  
O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates no thing can come  
That is not passing clean;  
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,  
No filth may there be seen.

Jehovah, Lord, now come away,  
And end my griefs and plaints—  
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,  
And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crowned with glory great,  
And see God face to face,  
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—  
Most happy is their case.  
But we that are in banishment,  
Continually do moan;  
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—  
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
Our pleasures are but pain,  
Our joys not worth the looking on—  
Our sorrows aye remain.  
But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
That unto them a thousand years  
Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!  
Thy joys when shall I see—  
The King sitting upon His throne,  
And thy felicity?  
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,  
So wonderfully rare,  
Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,  
Most beautifully fair.  
Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green;  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.  
There cinnamon and sugar grow,  
There nard and balm abound;  
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
The pleasures there are found.



There nectar and ambrosia spring—

There music's ever sweet;

There many a fair and dainty thing

Are trod down under feet.

Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,

The flood of life doth flow;

Upon the banks, on every side,

The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—

For evermore they spring;

And all the nations of the world

To thee their honors bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,

Full sore I long to see;

Oh! that my sorrows had an end,

That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,

As master of the choir;

A thousand times that man were blest

That might his music hear.

There Mary sings "Magnificat,"

With tunes surpassing sweet;

And all the virgins bear their part,

Singing around her feet.

"Te Deum," doth Saint Ambrose sing,

Saint Austin doth the like;

Old Simeon and Zacharie

Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,

And cheerfully doth sing,

With all blest saints whose harmony

Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Thy joys fain would I see;  
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
And take me home to Thee;  
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,  
And take me hence away,  
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,  
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—

Jehovah's throne on high!

O sacred city, queen, and wife  
Of Christ eternally!

O comely queen with glory clad,  
With honor and degree,

All fair thou art, exceeding bright—  
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,

The comfort of us all;

For thou art fair and beautiful—  
None ill can thee befall.

In thee, Jerusalem, I say,

No darkness dare appear—

No night, no shade, no winter foul—  
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,

No glittering star to light;

For Christ, the king of righteousness,  
For ever shineth bright.

A lamb unspotted, white and pure,  
To thee doth stand in lieu

Of light—so great the glory is  
Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings beset  
In midst His servants' sight:  
And they, His happy household all,  
Do serve Him day and night.  
There, there the choir of angels sing—  
There the supernal sort  
Of citizens, which hence are rid  
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,  
The apostles six and six,  
The glorious martyrs in a row,  
And confessors betwixt.

There doth the crew of righteous men  
And matrons all consist—  
Young men and maids that here on earth  
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped  
The snare of death and hell,  
Triumph in joy eternally,  
Whereof no tongue can tell;  
And though the glory of each one  
Doth differ in degree,  
Yet is the joy of all alike  
And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,  
And Christ is all in all,  
Whom they most perfectly behold  
In joy celestial.

They love, they praise—they praise, they love;  
They "Holy, holy," cry;  
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,  
If, after wretched days,  
I might with listening ears conceive  
Those heavenly songs of praise,  
Which to the eternal king are sung  
By happy wights above—  
By saved souls and angels sweet,  
Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,  
Might I be worthy found  
To wait upon my God and king,  
His praises there to sound;  
And to enjoy my Christ above,  
His favor and His grace,  
According to His promise made,  
Which here I interlace:

“O Father dear,” quoth He, “let them  
Which Thou hast put of old  
To me, be there where lo! I am—  
Thy glory to behold;  
Which I with Thee, before the world  
Was made in perfect wise,  
Have had—from whence the fountain great  
Of glory doth arise.”

Again: “If any man will serve  
Thee, let him follow me;  
For where I am, he there, right sure,  
Then shall my servant be.”  
And still: “If any man loves me,  
Him loves my Father dear,  
Whom I do love—to him myself  
In glory will appear.”

Lord, take away my misery,  
That then I may be bold  
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,  
Thy glory to behold;  
And so in Zion see my king,  
My love, my Lord, my all—  
Where now as in a glass I see,  
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessèd are the pure in heart—  
Their sovereign they shall see;  
O ye most happy, heavenly wights,  
Which of God's household be!  
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,  
These gins and fetters strong;  
For I have dwelt within the tents  
Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!  
Fetch me Thy fold unto,  
That all Thy angels may rejoice,  
While all Thy will I do.  
O mother dear! Jerusalem!  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,  
To quit me from all strife,  
That to Thy hill I may attain,  
And dwell there all my life—  
With cherubim and seraphim  
And holy souls of men,  
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!  
Forever and amen!

ANONYMOUS

## PARADISE.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest,  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
Wherefore doth death delay?—  
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn  
Of our eternal day;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'T is weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see him near;

Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I feel 't will not be long;  
Patience! I almost think I hear  
Faint fragments of thy song;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

## FROM "THE DIVINE COMEDY."

## HELL.

## INSCRIPTION OVER THE GATE.

## CANTO III.

"THROUGH me you pass into the city of woe:  
Through me you pass into eternal pain:  
Through me among the people lost for aye.  
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:  
To rear me was the task of power divine,  
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.  
Before me things create were none, save things  
Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

## PURGATORY.

## PRAYER.

## CANTO VI.

WHEN I was freed  
From all those spirits, who prayed for others'  
prayers  
To hasten on their state of blessedness;  
Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary!  
It seems expressly in thy text denied,  
That Heaven's supreme decree can ever bend  
To supplication; yet with this design  
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain?  
Or is thy saying not to be revealed?"







He thus to me: "Both what I write is plain,  
And these deceived not in their hope; if well  
Thy mind consider, that the sacred height  
Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame  
In a short moment all fulfils, which he,  
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.  
Besides, when I this point concluded thus,  
By praying no defect could be supplied:  
Because the prayer had none access to God.  
Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not  
Contented, unless she assure thee so,  
Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:  
I know not if thou take me right; I mean  
Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above,  
Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

---

PRAYER OF PENITENTS.

CANTO XI.

"O THOU Almighty Father! who dost make  
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confined,  
But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st  
Thy primal effluence; hallowed be thy name:  
Join, each created being, to extol  
Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks and  
praise  
Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace  
Come unto us; for we, unless it come,  
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.  
As, of their will, the angels unto thee  
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne  
With loud hosannas; so of theirs be done

By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,  
Our daily manna, without which he roams  
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most  
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each  
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou  
Benign, and of our merit take no count.  
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not  
Our virtue, easily subdued; but free  
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.  
This last petition, dearest Lord! is made  
Not for ourselves; since that were needless now;  
But for their sakes who after us remain."

---

## MAN'S FREE-WILL.

## CANTO XVI.

"YE, who live,

Do so each cause refer to heaven above,  
E'en as its motion, of necessity,  
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,  
Free choice in you were none; nor justice would  
There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.  
Your movements have their primal bent from  
    heaven;  
Not all: yet said I all; what then ensues?  
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,  
And of the will free power, which, if it stand  
Firm and unwearied in Heaven's first assay,  
Conquers at last, so it be cherished well,  
Triumphant over all. To mightier force,  
To better nature subject, ye abide  
Free, not constrained by that which forms in you

The reasoning mind uninfluenced of the stars.  
If then the present<sup>e</sup> race of mankind err,  
Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there."

---

FIRE OF PURIFICATION.

CANTO XXVII.

Now was the sun so stationed, as when first  
His early radiance quivers on the heights,  
Where streamed his Maker's blood; while Libra  
hangs

Above Hesperian Ebro; and new fires,  
Meridian, flash on Gangès' yellow tide.

So day was sinking, when the angel of God  
Appeared before us. Joy was in his mien.  
Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink;  
And with a voice, whose lively clearness far  
Surpassed our human, "Blessed are the pure  
In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,  
"Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,  
"Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list  
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."

I, when I heard his saying, was as one  
Laid in the grave. My hands together clasped,  
And upward stretching, on the fire I looked;  
And busy fancy conjured up the forms  
Erewhile beheld alive consumed in flames.

The escorting spirits turned with gentle looks  
Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: "My son,  
Here torment thou may'st feel, but canst not  
death.

Remember thee, remember thee, if I  
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come

More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?  
Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame  
A thousand years contained thee, from thy head  
No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,  
Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem  
Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.  
Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.  
Turn hither, and come onward undismayed."

I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced..

Into the fire before me then he walked:  
And Statius, who erewhile no little space  
Had parted us, he prayed to come behind.

I would have cast me into molten glass  
To cool me, when I entered; so intense  
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,  
To comfort me, as he proceeded, still  
Of Beatrice talked. "Her eyes," saith he,  
"E'en now I seem to view." From the other side  
A voice, that sang, did guide us; and the voice  
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,  
There where the path led upward. "Come," we  
heard,

"Come, blessed of my Father." Such the sounds,  
That hailed us from within a light, which shone  
So radiant, I could not endure the view.  
"The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening comes.  
Delay not: ere the western sky is hung  
With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our way  
Upright within the rock arose, and faced  
Such part of heaven, that from before my steps  
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.

PARADISE.

SIN AND REDEMPTION.

CANTO VII.

WHAT I have heard,  
Is plain, thou say'st: but wherefore God this way  
For our redemption chose, eludes my search.

“ Brother! no eye of man not perfected,  
Nor fully ripened in the flame of love,  
May fathom this decree. It is a mark,  
In sooth, much aimed at, and but little kened:  
And I will therefore show thee why such way  
Was worthiest. The celestial love, that spurns  
All envying in its bounty, in itself  
With such effulgence blazeth, as sends forth  
All beauteous things eternal. What distils  
Immediate thence, no end of being knows;  
Bearing its seal immutably imprest.  
Whatever thence immediate falls, is free,  
Free wholly, uncontrollable by power  
Of each thing new: by such conformity  
More grateful to its author, whose bright beams,  
Though all partake their shining, yet in those  
Are liveliest, which resemble him the most.  
These tokens of pre-eminence on man  
Largely bestowed, if any of them fail,  
He needs must forfeit his nobility,  
No longer stainless. Sin alone is that,  
Which doth disfranchise him, and make unlike  
To the chief good; for that its light in him



Is darkened. And to dignity thus lost  
Is no return; unless, where guilt makes void,  
He for ill pleasure pay with equal pain.  
Your nature, which entirely in its seed  
Transgressed, from these distinctions fell, no less  
Than from its state in Paradise; nor means  
Found on recovery (search all methods out  
As strictly as thou may) save one of these,  
The only fords were left through which to wade:  
Either, that God had of his courtesy  
Released him merely; or else, man himself  
For his own folly by himself atoned.

“Fix now thine eye, intently as thou canst,  
On the everlasting counsel; and explore,  
Instructed by my words, the dread abyss.

“Man in himself had ever lacked the means  
Of satisfaction, for he could not stoop  
Obeying, in humility so low,  
As high, he, disobeying, thought to soar:  
And, for this reason, he had vainly tried,  
Out of his own sufficiency, to pay  
The rigid satisfaction. Then behoved  
That God should by his own ways lead him back  
Unto the life, from whence he fell, restored:  
By both his ways, I mean, or one alone.  
But since the deed is ever prized the more,  
The more the doer's good intent appears;  
Goodness celestial, whose broad signature  
Is on the universe, of all its ways  
To raise ye up, was fain to leave out none.  
Nor aught so vast or so magnificent,  
Either for him who gave or who received,  
Between the last night and the primal day,



Was or can be. For God more bounty showed,  
Giving himself to make man capable  
Of his return to life, than had the terms  
Been mere and unconditional release.  
And for his justice, every method else  
Were all too scant, had not the Son of God  
Humbled himself to put on mortal flesh."

---

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

CANTO XIV.

AND lo! forthwith there rose up round about  
A lustre, over that already there;  
Of equal clearness, like the brightening up  
Of the horizon. As at evening hour  
Of twilight, new appearances through heaven  
Peer with faint glimmer, doubtfully descried;  
So, there, new substances methought, began  
To rise in view beyond the other twain,  
And wheeling, sweep their ampler circuit wide.

O genuine glitter of eternal Beam!  
With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,  
O'erpowering vision in me. But so fair,  
So passing lovely, Beatrice showed,  
Mind cannot follow it, nor words express  
Her infinite sweetness. Thence mine eyes re-  
gained

Power to look up; and I beheld myself,  
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss  
Translated: for the star, with warmer smile  
Impurpled, well denoted our ascent.

With all the heart, and with that tongue which  
speaks

The same in all, an holocaust I made  
To God befitting the new grace vouchsafed.  
And from my bosom had not yet upsteamed  
The fuming of that incense, when I knew  
The rite accepted. With such mighty sheen  
And mantling crimson, in two listed rays  
The splendors shot before me, that I cried,  
"God of Sabaoth! that dost prank them thus!"

As leads the galaxy from pole to pole,  
Distinguished into greater lights and less,  
Its pathway, which the wisest fail to spell;  
So thickly studded, in the depth of Mars,  
Those rays described the venerable sign,  
That quadrants in the round conjoining frame.

Here memory mocks the toil of genius. Christ  
Beamed on that cross; and pattern fails me now.  
But whoso takes his cross, and follows Christ,  
Will pardon me for that I leave untold,  
When in the fleckered dawning he shall spy  
The glitterance of Christ. From horn to horn,  
And 'tween the summit and the base, did move  
Lights, scintillating, as they met and passed.  
Thus oft are seen with ever-changeeful glance,  
Straight or athwart, now rapid and now slow,  
The atomies of bodies, long or short,  
To move along the sunbeam, whose slant line  
Checkers the shadow interposed by art  
Against the noontide heat. And as the chime  
Of minstrel music, dulcimer, and harp  
With many strings, a pleasant dinning makes  
To him, who heareth not distinct the note;

So from the lights, which there appeared to me,  
Gathered along the cross a melody,  
That, indistinctly heard, with ravishment  
Possessed me. Yet I marked it was a hymn  
Of lofty praises; for there came to me  
“Arise,” and “Conquer,” as to one who hears  
And comprehends not. Me such ecstasy  
O’ercame, that never, till that hour, was thing  
That held me in so sweet imprisonment.

---

THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

CANTO XXXI.

IN fashion, as a snow-white rose, lay then  
Before my view the saintly multitude,  
Which is his own blood Christ espoused. Mean-  
while,  
That other host, that soar aloft to gaze  
And celebrate his glory, whom they love,  
Hovered around; and, like a troop of bees,  
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,  
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labor glows,  
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose  
From the redundant petals, streaming back  
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.  
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold:  
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;  
And, as they flitted down into the flower,  
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins,  
Whispered the peace and ardor, which they won  
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast  
Interposition of such numerous flight  
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view

Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,  
Wherever merited, celestial light  
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.

All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,  
Ages long past or new, on one sole mark  
Their love and vision fixed. O trinal beam  
Of individual star, that charm'st them thus!  
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.

If the grim brood, from Arctic shores that  
roamed

(Where Helice forever, as she wheels,  
Sparkles a mother's fondness on her son),  
Stood in mute wonder mid the works of Rome,  
When to their view the Lateran arose  
In greatness more than earthly; I, who then  
From human to divine had passed, from time  
Unto eternity, and out of Florence  
To justice and to truth, how might I chuse  
But marvel too? 'Twixt gladness and amaze,  
In sooth, no will had I to utter aught,  
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests  
Within the temple of his vow, looks round  
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell  
Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes  
Coursed up and down along the living light,  
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,  
Visiting every step. Looks I beheld,  
Where charity in soft persuasion sat;  
Smiles from within, and radiance from above;  
And, in each gesture, grace and honor high.

So roved my ken, and in its general form  
All Paradise surveyed.

DANTE.

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

INDEX: AUTHORS AND TITLES.



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